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DISCORDER

NOVEMBER '99
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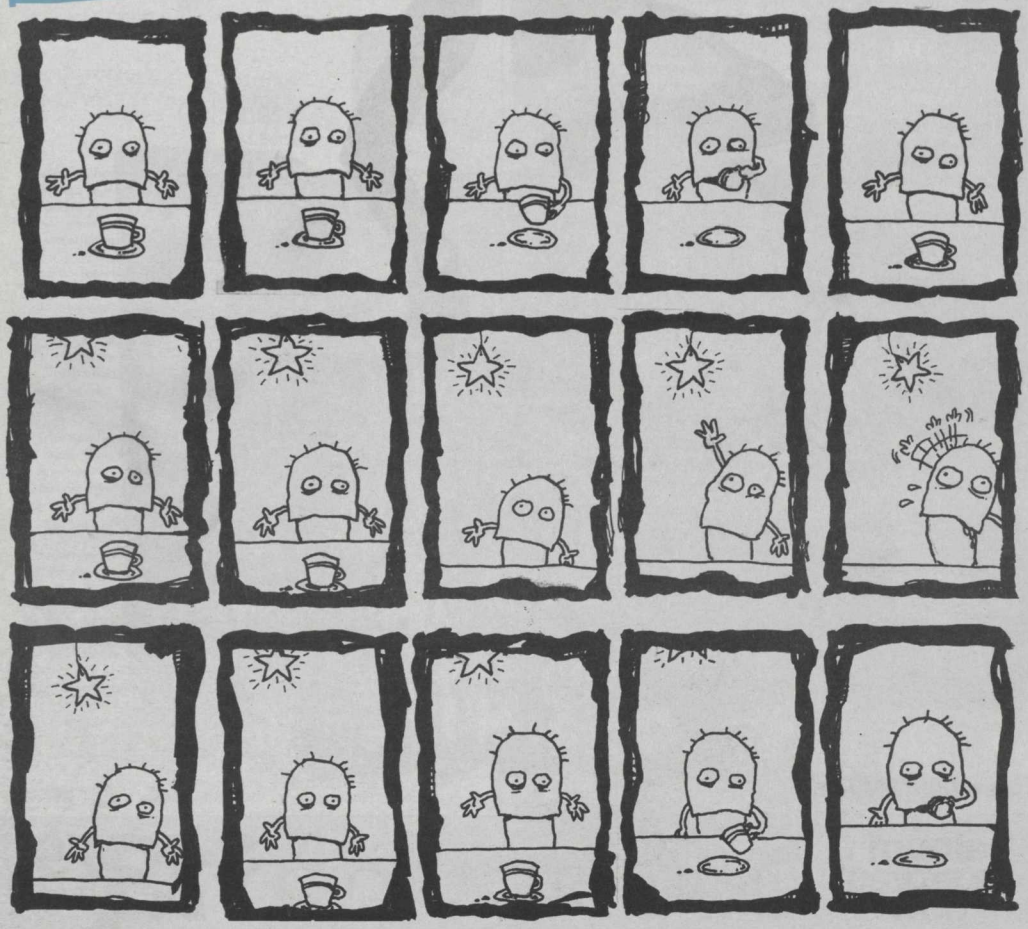
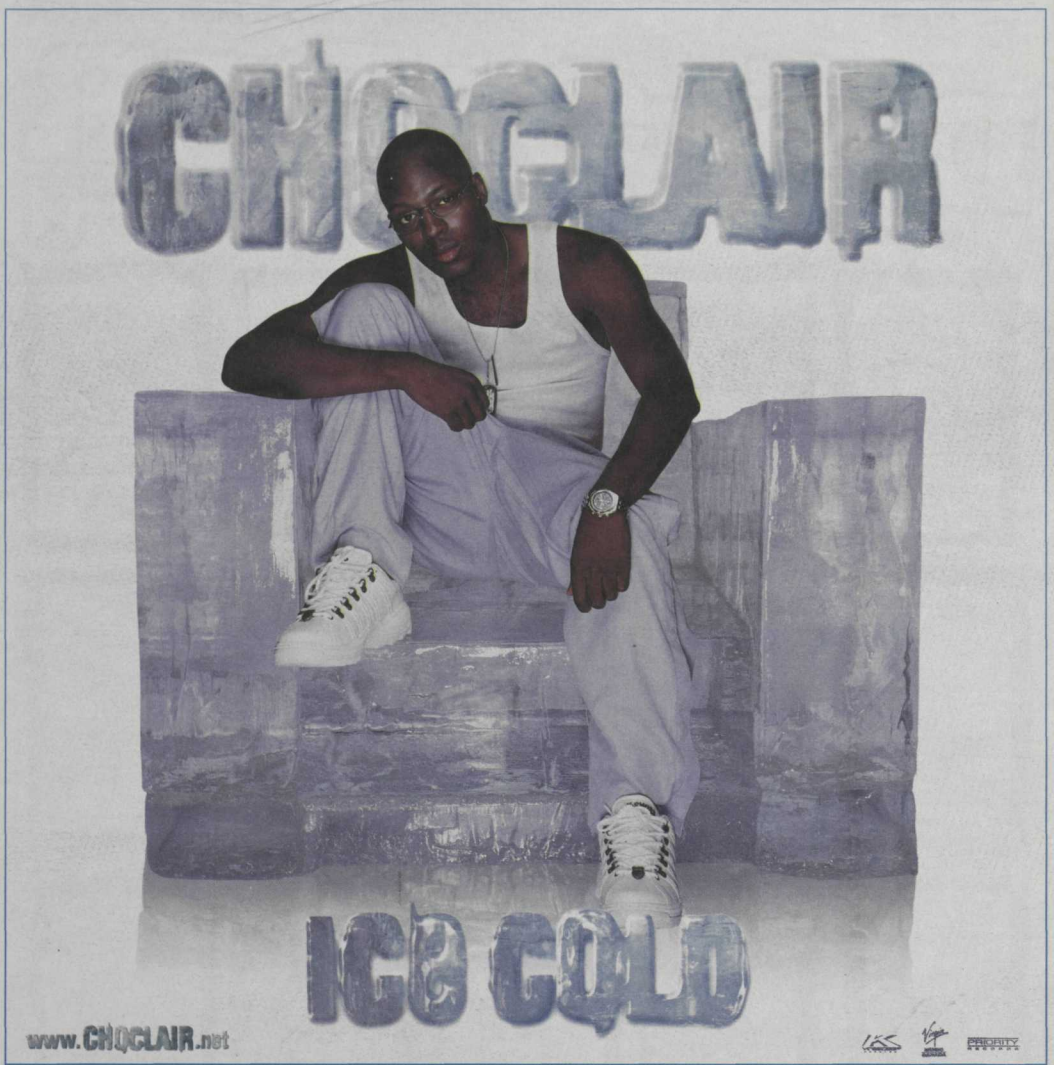


Kristin Hersh Oliver Hockenhull Jon Borges Lamb Labradford



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DiSCORDER

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Cover

When asked who the character in his cover comic was supposed to represent, Jason Da Silva responded philosophically, "He's all of us." Funny guy. Design by Rob.

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NOV THR 11
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NOV FRI 19
Foursquare & TSA present
CHERRY BOMBS
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NOV MON 22
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NOV SUN 28
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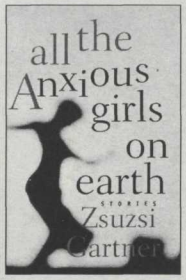
Das Book

BY GIBBY PEACH

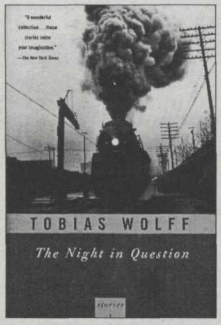
TOBIAS WOLFF
The Night In Question
(Vintage)
ZSUZSI GARTNER
All the Anxious Girls on Earth
(Kev Portner)

Three things in life are given: death, taxes, and the ongoing battle for sexual supremacy between males and females. Boys get all the cushy jobs. Girls get bigger brains. The writing community is, by no means, exempt from this rule. Short fiction writers on this continent seem to exemplify this point rather well: the boys (Papa, Faulkner, etc) win all the fancy awards, while the girls (Welty, Erdrich, Oates) possess most of the talent. Some of you macho knuckleheads out there may disagree with me, but I'm going to prove myself and make you feel like idiots (or maybe not, we'll see).

Let's consider, first off, Yankee writer **Tobias Wolff**'s collection of shorts, *The Night in Question*. Like so many American wordsmiths these days, Wolff suffers from a bad case of "Carveritis." You know the symptoms: the short sentences, the understated emphasis on emotion, the poignant endings. Now, I shouldn't say that this is necessarily unfavourable. I dig Carver. He makes me smile. He makes me cry. I rip off his ideas when I write. But Wolff really likes Carver. A lot. You know what I mean. What's more, Wolff is very, very male. A Vietnam veteran, his stories are rife with war references and masculine, masculine, masculine characters. His boys don't cry. And they don't get anxious. Despite the stereotypically American writing, however, there are about two or three real gems in this collection. I just went to see the flick *American Beauty* the other night (unreal... no shit) and it seems like it could have been written by Tobias Wolff. The awkward moments, the lack of a strong moral compass, the fact that you want to cry at the end; these things are written all over Wolff's book.



Now here's where I prove my point: academic big-leagues in the United Snakes drool all over Wolff like he's a smelly, hot slice of apple pie (what could be more American?). They stick his stories in their "The Best Short Stories of..." collections. They make him a finalist for the National Book Award. They give him the PEN/Faulkner and the Rea Award. *The Night in Question* was even a *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year. The whip cream on top of the pie, though, is that he gets to be writer-in-residence at Syracuse University where all the fancy-pants, pipe-smoking old boys tell him he's the best thing since Hemingway. Sure, the caliber of his writing is high and this collection is certainly worth purchasing, but it's time for the old boys to pull up their pants and realize that the girls deserve some accolades too.



Girls like **Zsuzsi Gartner**. Owner of the coolest name this side of Chinua Achebe, Gartner is local, cool as snake-skin boots in Surrey, and at the beginning of a prolific career. Gartner's first collection, *All the Anxious Girls on Earth*, is so good that I bought it after reading the first story (which isn't even one of the good ones) while browsing in the book store. Now, I should point out that I usually get the books I review for free because asshole publishers want me to say good things about their product. But I dropped enough for two or three meals at the Afro-Canadian Restaurant (shameless plug) to buy this book. If you've blinked an eye in our fair city at any time in the past year, you've undoubtedly heard of Zsuzsi's girls. Anyone and everyone who's cool has raved about this book (except for the pinhead in *BC Book World* who said it was good, but not as good as everyone says; fuck him), some naming it their choice for book of the year. I'd be hard-pressed to disagree. Gartner's stories, unlike Wolff's, are filled with girls. Dumb girls, smart girls, fat girls, skinny girls, old girls, young girls, all kinds of girls. From the fat, slow-witted girl in "The Tragedy of Premature Death among Geniuses" who made me cry, to skinny, genius girl in "Odds that, all things considered, she'd someday be happy" who had me grinnin' like a Cheshire, Gartner has developed characters who I'm going to see on the bus, at work, at the grocery store, everywhere. I might cry when I see them. I might smile. I don't know. That, to me, is the sign of someone who knows what the hell they're doing. •

Now, sure, people are loving Zsuzsi to death around here. But what about the rest of the country? Will she get nominated for a Governor-General's Award (when she should win)? Where was her name among the Booker nominees? I'll be damned if there's gonna be another book this good in a long, long while. So where's Zsuzsi's money and fame? Tobias Wolff can use his talent to write about boys. At war, at play, wherever; I don't give a rat's ass. My money's on Zsuzsi's girls. Every last anxious one of them. •

Vancouver Special

BY CHRISTA MIN

Local Demos!

Oh man, would I ever like to take all the wah-wah pedals in the universe and start a fire. There is nothing else that can ruin a song more quickly than that God-awful pedal. Okay, the **Cure** can have the only wah-wah in the world just in case they have to perform "Wendy Time." The **NOXEMA GIRLS**, however, should take their pedal and shove it up theirs. Before listening to their demo, I thought they'd sound remotely like **Echo & the Bunnymen**, seeing that they were slated for their opening slot. Nope. How's this for a lyric: "I've got my head so far up my ass, shit is all I see." Like most new bands, the Noxema Girls can't decide what kind of music to play, so they play it all: joke rock, power ballads, non-lyrical showing-off of vocals, pseudo jazz. You get the picture? <almamcd@axionet.com>

When I think of **EVAN SYMONS**, I think of this poster I saw for his thirtieth birthday party. His tongue was a few inches away from licking a book. So when I received his new two song demo, I was expecting a good laugh. The first song, "Mik-ayla," features a never-ending, annoying crying

baby loop. I can't laugh if I'm annoyed. The second track is kind of pleasant. Symons' voice isn't the greatest — it's breathy and off-key — but it's all right. But if "The Mirror" is supposed to be funny, I don't get it. <esymons@stepandahalf.com>

THEWOKS are from PEI. I'd bet there are hundreds of bands called The Ewoks, but THewoks sound a bit like **Sonic Youth** with a sense of humour, or the children of an SST band. Their tape has a number of "Untitled Symphonies" that sound quite good, but would sound a lot better if they were three or four minutes shorter. The other tracks feature spoken word on Pop Art and the laws of physics, and there's one hardcore track about a hairy-legged girl. Over all, good soft-core noise. <proctorsdoctors@hotmail.com> <gflemmin@is2.dal.ca>

Hey, how about **COUPON**? I have to admit that I'm a sucker for crybabies. Jordan McKenzie sounds a lot like David Bazan of **Pedro the Lion**: low and on the verge of tears. Coupon's tape *Watching With Their Eyes* is very listenable. Straight-ahead minor pop songs. Very nice. (Blackball Records, c/o Coupon, 409 Fitzwilliam St., Nanaimo, BC, V9R 3A9) <blkball@island.net>•

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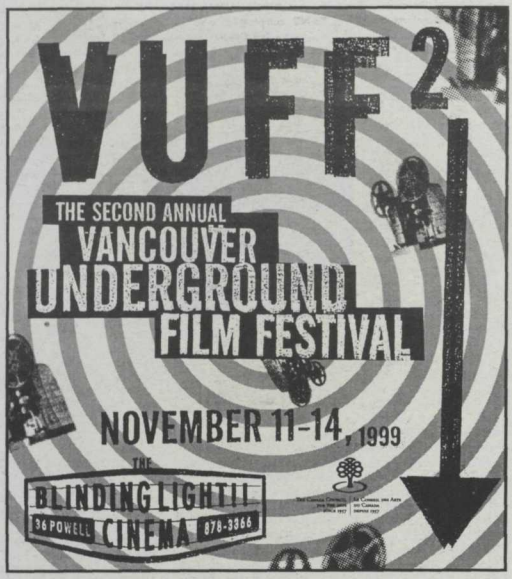

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NY/GERMAN FILMMAKER CASPAR STRACKE	11/21
GERMAN FILMMAKER MICHAEL BRYNNTRUP	11/23
SEATTLE'S EMERALD REELS SUPER-8 LOUNGE	12/3

AND

11/2-3 CRISPIN GLOVER IN THE ORKLY KID • 11/4 THE MULTIPLEX GRAND • 11/5-7 HEAVY METAL PARKING LOT AND BEYOND • 11/9-10 PLOTNICK'S KICK-ASS INDUSTRIALS • 11/11-14 VANCOUVER UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL • 11/16-17 101 BEST AND WORST TV COMMERCIALS • 11/18 BYOB • 11/19 THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE WORLD OF FRANK MOORE • 11/20 PORTLAND'S DYNAMIC DUO • 11/21 CASPAR STRACKE • 11/23 MICHAEL BRYNNTRUP • 11/24 THE SECRET LIFE OF MR. X • 11/25 NEW (CINE)WORKS • 11/26/27 X-RAY SPECS • 11/30-12/1 RADICAL REMAKES: SHULIE+WHAT FAROCKI TAUGHT • 12/2 SUPERHERO SHORTS • 12/3 EMERALD REELS SUPER-8 LOUNGE • 12/4-5 STEVE REINKE'S 100 VIDEOS

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Video Philter

BY TANIA BOLSKAYA

I have failed again. I tried, I really tried to see at least 50 movies in the 16 days of the Vancouver International Film Festival. As usual, I stalled out at about 35. The annual problems of fatigue, butt-ache, and the perils of trying to subsist solely on popcorn were this year accentuated by Gumby-and-Pokey burnout, management/labour discord, and a plethora of second-week screenings that were duller than a stranger's wedding.

It isn't abnormal for the festival to fly out of the blocks with a first-week barrage of thought-provoking, well-made films, and then lose a bit of speed as the festival wends its way through the second half of the fortnight. The gap between superb and hideously terrible seemed wider at the VIFF 1999 than in previous years, but despite my disappearing fortitude, I was able to catch some really great flicks. In the list-making, award-giving spirit of millennial marvel, below is a list of my own personal 18th Annual VIFF Awards, which were presented in absentia at a special gala to which, in a reciprocal invitation policy, the festival's representatives were not asked. (Okay, so I was the only one there. But it was a great party.)

Most Disturbing (in a Good Way): ***Little Tony***. I couldn't say which was more squirm-inducing in this tale of sanctioned extra-marital shenanigans in rural Holland — the inky-black humour or the food the characters regularly imbibed. (Horsemeat sausages anyone?)

Most Disturbing (in a Bad Way): ***Howling for God***. Watching people stick quarter-inch-thick barbecue skewers through their cheeks and tongues may pull your ripcord, but I didn't find enough real insight into the dervishes' traditions or religion to make it endurable.

Best Holocaust Comedy: ***Train of Life***. Is this the genre of the new millennium? This French/Romanian story about the self-deportation of a 1941 Jewish village is as full of laughs and pathos as last year's *Life Is Beautiful*, without the central personality to draw criticism from the naysayers. Excellent performances and the right combination of wonder and farce made this film compelling throughout.

Film Most Likely to Cause a Post-Viewing Fight: ***A Day in Black and White***. It's short (only 85 minutes) but so jammed with conflicting, contrasting points of view on its central theme — race relations in America — that the arguments it starts will last for days.

Best Teenage Coming Out Film (Female): ***Show Me Love***. The Swedish film was also winner of Best Ending and Most Painful Scene(s). The biggest question about this tale of an unlikely bond between the most shunned girl in school and the babe-a-licious object of her affection is the title change. In Sweden, it was called *Fucking Amal* (as in "Why am I stuck in fucking Amal?!?").

Best Teenage Coming Out Film (Male): ***Get Real***. Intense emotion and genuine wit give this British comedy the edge over the American, '80s-era *Edge of Seventeen*. If they could have refrained from turning up the schmaltzy score every time the boys smooched!

Most Beautiful Film: ***Building Heaven, Remembering Earth: Confessions of a Fallen Architect***. A Canadian film essay that washes over you in a wave of glorious images, caressing poetry and engaging exposition. (Check out the feature interview with director Oliver Hockenhull in this issue.)

Most Convincing Reason to Thank Your Lucky Stars: ***Thug Life in DC***. From its opening statement that 50% of all black men aged 18-35 in Washington, DC are in prison, on parole, or waiting for trial, this American documentary hits hard about the chances afforded a young African-American male by today's society.

Best Kick-ass-and-who-cares-about-the-rest John Woo Homage: ***Nowhere to Hide***. The lack of martial arts films on this year's program was almost made up for with this ultra-stylish Korean effort by Lee Myung-Se. The silent-but-deadly performance by Korean superstar Ahn Sung-Ki is mesmerizing.

Best Excuse Not to Go Out After Dark: ***Ultraviolet***. This vampire conspiracy series had better not be over. Query to Festival Programmers/Channel 4 Productions: Are parts 7-12 in the works?

Biggest Giant Pogo-Penis: ***Existo***. This is the political answer to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* we've all been waiting for. Great tunes, no excess plot.

Best Dirty On-screen Sex by a Major Actor: Ralph Fiennes in ***Sunshine***. If you didn't see it at the festival, chances are you have missed out on the most graphic sex that a name actor has engaged in since 1975, because there will definitely be some trimming made to this 20th century Hungarian historical epic before its regular release. Besides bouncing his Fiennes bit o' sunshine across the screen on two separate occasions, Ralph demonstrates the abilities that have surely earned him his diving license (of the muff variety). When was the last time you saw an academy award nominee with his face firmly planted in the shrubbery?

Best Sequel Made 15 Years Later: ***Gregory's Two Girls***. Despite the misguided addition of over-blown dramatics from the master of the low-key, Bill Forsyth's follow-up to one of the 1980s' best coming-of-age comedies delivers enough genuine guffaws to make the retred worthwhile.

Best Reason to Kill the Digital Revolution Now, While We Still Can: ***The Book That Wrote Itself***. A seemingly talentless director/writer/actor directs himself in his own script about a talentless writer who tries to film his really bad book. The result? A really bad movie. The relative cheapness of digital made it all possible.

Programmer Most In Need of a Step-Ladder (In Order To Descend from His Ivory Tower): Tony Rayns (***Dragons and Tigers Asian Films Series***). I've said it before. I've heard it from other filmgoers. I've felt it in my sagging eyelids while sitting through many of the films he's programmed. Mr. Rayns, while sometimes able to select fascinating, fun, engaging movies, often does not. Maybe he just gets more out of a film than the rest of us chumps, but I have learned from hard experience that unless the synopsis says, "wildly popular in its native country" or "winner of a zillion major awards," just don't bother.

Tony Rayns Award for Slowest, Dullest Film: ***Love Will Tear Us Apart***. •

7 inch

BY JULIE COLERO

My discerning ear has up and left me. Everything sounds the same. More specifically, everything sounds like bad emo. Where have all the pop 7"s gotten to? Are cutesy bands and those kids that like the harmonies just not into the vinyl scene? Do they not understand what a disservice they are doing to all of us who would rather hear something that rhymes than something that is supposed to [note: supposed to] make us think and feel? I do not want to sit in my room and listen to dreary boys whine on above a simplistic guitar riff and some cymbal-crazed but poorly-timed drumming! Help me, pop bands. Give me some cheer, some rhymes and hand-claps and good things like that. Heck, I'll even take rock bands or instrumental wanderings or other such goodies. I am an okay person. I do not hate everything. I do think, however, that this emo trend had better hurry up and dry up, or get good. Oh, to not be entirely horrid, I will say that I'm happy to note that most bands are doing coloured vinyl. Yum! That said, on to this month's records that frustrated me so.

Kentucky label Doom Nibbler has got its heart in the right place and its fingers in the wrong musical pie. After listening to the two debut releases from the label, I am saddened to say that the best thing about these releases is their cover art and the label's logo. Shoot. Not so kind, I know, but here's what's up. Release #1 is a split single by **CAMBER** and **KID BROTHER COLLECTIVE**. KBC is a great name, but that's where the greatness halts. This band might be able to make it big, though, because it sounds exactly 100% like the songs on the first **Get Up Kids** album. I liked that album, but I most certainly don't need to hear it again, carbon-copied for the masses. Then again, maybe these guys did it first, and the GUKs just got a record out faster. So it goes with fads these days... Oh well. Pleasant enough musically, with weak vocals, this just isn't a song you need to hear. The Camber song is better and rockier, but still awful run of the mill. I guess I shouldn't slag these boys and their thoughtful musings on "stifled emotions" and "keepsakes" and a world that is "absurd", it might hurt their feelings. Oh, I am feeling mean today.

Okay, so Doom Nibbler split #2 is, um, more of the same? Yup. The **WICKED FARLEYS** do something really fast, fast, and fast. The drummer is very boring. The **VEHICLE BIRTH** do me better. The music's nice and repetitive, but then it goes kinda mathy, and there are all these neat little warped guitar bits to make it so much cooler than expected. I like it when bands who aren't **Mogwai** play with dynamics. The vocals aren't really spectacular, but I'm learning how to tune stuff like that out. The kicker about Vehicle Birth: this song's from '96, so this was before the drivel of now-times, and you can tell. Cheers to Doom Nibbler for tracking down a goodish one. (Doom Nibbler, 838 East High St. #186, Lexington, KY, 40502)

And now for a record that really let me down... *Self Portrait #2*. The first in this series of compilations was good clean pop/fuzz fun. This release has decided to be the "file under: emo/math rock" volume. Damn. I am fighting a losing battle, it seems. Anyways, four bands contribute to this release, and I'll give you a quick low-down on the hotspots. **PORTER HALL** provide an upbeat rocker; **MARCH DECEMBER SWING** give you more of the same but more, ahem, emotive; **NORTH OF AMERICA** let you down with a pleasant-but-not-actually-very-exciting tune shaped quite similarly to all the other NOA tunes (a bit **Pavement**-y, for those not in the know); and then there's **HAYWOOD**. It's always the way that, on any given compilation, there's bound to be one neat song. Here's yer neat one — the singer's voice sounds like a robotic **Green Day** guy, all stiff and funny, and the music is pretty decent. Maybe #3 will be "file under: not so blah." (Permafrost, PO Box 69009 Winnipeg, MB, R3P 2G9)

The **ODD NUMBERS** are pop punk. Um... they sing about shopping at thrift stores and stuff. They are from California. What more do you need to know? (Sessions Records, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA, 95066)

EUREKA FARM's "Quinsonnas" is a dramatic pop song with stretched-out vocals and lots of synthesizers. There's even some real piano thrown in for good measure. This could be from times past if it wanted to be. The B-side, "Headache," has a less full sound, but still works pretty well. The drumming is strangely fuzzed out (weird cymbal sounds!) and the sparseness of a 4-track recording adds a quirky feel to the song. This one sounds fresh outta the Northwest! (Loosegroove, no address)

It's nice to see hometown bands get a bit of out-of-town lovin'. The **SPITFIRES** have got two new 7" releases, one on Estrus, and "Slick Black Cat" on Junk. Now, because I couldn't find the thingy that goes in the middle of 7" records with holes in them, I couldn't listen to the Estrus release. Hopefully, a summary of the other record will be good enough. This band has good grit, and the four songs on this release are all rockin' in their own special ways. I like this type of music short and sweet, and so did best with "She's Hot!!" and "Hit 'n' Run." These songs are fun and boozy and... did I say fun yet? Anyways, our boys are rankin' up there on the garage rock scene these days, and this release helps to show why. Nice! (Junk Records, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA, 90630)

And now, why I do all of this. A new small joy in my life is the **ALL GIRL SUMMER FUN BAND**, composed of a **Softie**, a **Cherry Ice Cream Smile** gal, and two other beautiful young women. Ahhh... Girlie pop is what it's all about, baby! Coming at you on lipgloss-pink clear vinyl, this four-song self-titled release is a treasure to surpass all others. This album is full of hand-claps, good vibes, harmonies, shouts, drumstick taps, and tinkly bell noises. The lyrics are great, sporting rhymes and neat ideas and fun fun fun fun. I saved this one for last because I knew it would erase the pain of all that emo gunk. Yippee, shout it with me, pop is still alive and well and wearing jumper dresses and cardigans! Okay, now I'm just getting silly. Get this record. It's good. You will dance and be happy, just like me. (Magic Marker, PO Box 9342, Portland, OR 97207)

A few more short reviews by/for copy-hungry editors:

SEAN NA NA sounds like a sweet young man: his voice, high and clear, sings "Rising Stars" over soft guitar and drums à la **Microphones**. No coincidence that Phil Evrum was manning the board at Dub Narcotic when this was recorded. On the flip side, **LUCKY JEREMY** does a similarly sweet boy ballad. (Heart of a Champion, PO Box 3861 Minneapolis, MN, 55403)

Those rock stars **GUIDED BY VOICES** have released a fancily packaged single, "Surgical Focus," from their new *Do the Collapse* CD. It's all slick and Ric Ocasek-filled. I still don't get it. (TVT, 23 E. 4th St., New York, NY, 10003)

VIZA-NOIR's self-titled single is super good! I can't really describe it: try to picture a hardcore **Gang of Four** fronted by Peter Murphy. No shit. (The Pro Shop, 1812 W. Hubbard, Chicago, IL, 60622)

Norton Records has unearthed a couple of **BIG STAR** rarities from 1974. The songs are "September Gurls," recorded at a New York rehearsal, and "The Letter" performed live in Memphis. (Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276) •

Happiness
by Miyu

Before you cry, remember that you're going to have puffy eyes and snot hanging from your nostrils, you're not going to have a tissue, so you'll use your sleeve, and soon, you won't be able to breathe normally, your nose will be plugged, you'll hiccup, gasp and taste the salt of your tears. No one will be there to comfort you. Even if there is, they'll say it'll be all right, but they'll be lying. It won't be okay, and when you've finally calmed down, you won't feel better because everything's the same. You would've done all that for nothing.

Kill Your Boyfriend

COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN.

The other day my friend told me that he thought *Hellboy* was a girl comic. I don't know what it is, but every girl I know that reads comics loves *Hellboy*. Now, I don't know if it's necessarily a girl thing, but I love *Hellboy*, too.

The *Hellboy* series is written, drawn, and created by Mike Mignola (except the first story line, "Seed of Destruction," which was penned by "Alpha Flight" creator John Byrne) and is published by Dark Horse. It's set during World War II and Rasputin is still alive (?!), initiating some Satanic ritual to raise a demon for the Nazis. Meanwhile, back at the British camp, a demon suddenly appears, a baby demon from Hell. Thus Hellboy is born. Hellboy is raised by the British and the Americans (the good guys) and becomes a "Paranormal Investigator."

My favourite thing about *Hellboy* is Mignola's art. His style is so unlike anyone else's, but so good that he has acquired many imitators. Everything is angular, jagged and severe. Black chunks and explosive flying lines are everywhere. The bizarre colour scheme — dominated by black, shocking-bright red, olive green, and navy blue — makes the characters seem almost larger than life. Lastly, there is Mignola's deft and almost revolutionary handling of light and positive and negative space. All these artistic characteristics are half the reason I read the book. It's damn fine to look at. So fine, I got the lunchbox.

The other half of my "Why I love *Hellboy*" dissertation is a culmination of things: the humour, the action and the plot. It's Hellboy's dry humour and persistent sassiness while facing some ever-present evil, or the very first time Hellboy Jr. tries "pamcakes." Sometimes the humour is so subtle that you miss it. But when you're dealing with screwed up shit all the time, what can you do but laugh? It makes Hellboy's character all the more believable.

I also love the action. I mean, if you examine it closely I'm sure it gets a little redundant. But can you really let the biggest ever werewolf kill again? Are you prepared to deal with Ragnarok? The action is important. There are also all these neat little details. For instance, whenever Hellboy does fight, he's always falling through floors and into the depths of castles, continually "falling into the depths of Hell." Or how Mignola's hatred of drawing feet lends his characters an almost perpetual sense of motion. But of all these things, there is one that sets *Hellboy* apart from any other comic: Mignola's love of folklore and legend. Each *Hellboy* story revolves around his voracious research into folklore, old and new. Hellboy's gone against an undead Rasputin, a Frankenstein-like monster, a prince of darkness, Baba Yaga, and various Lovecraftian villains. (No, there hasn't been a Blair Witch/Hellboy story.) Yet I'm hesitant to call it a horror comic. Hellboy, aside from the fact that he's a demon, seems like your average Joe, with a bigger heart than you could imagine. And things don't seem so scary because you know Hellboy will kick its ass no matter what. In the long run, it's rare that a comic will make allowances for intelligence, which makes *Hellboy* a pleasant change.

I had to write this review because I'm tired of people dismissing *Hellboy* because they think it's a superhero comic. I hope this review will convince you to give it a fair chance. If anything, just flip through the book. If the art alone doesn't grab you, I will — to beat some sense into you, because this girl LOVES *Hellboy*. •

Hellboy Chronology

- *Seed of Destruction* TP
- *Wake the Devil* TP
- "Chained Coffin & Other Stories"
- *The Lost Army*, a novel by Chris Golden
- *Hellboy Jr. Halloween Special*
- *Hellboy Christmas Special*
- Gary Gianni's "Monstermen" (backup story)
- Dark Horse Presents "Jr. Special" (short story)
- *Box of Evil* #1&2
- *Hellboy Jr. Easter Special*

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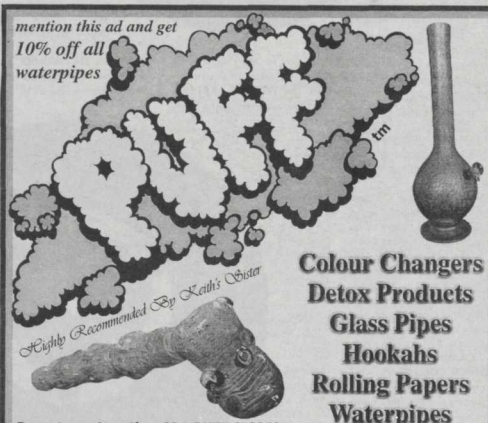

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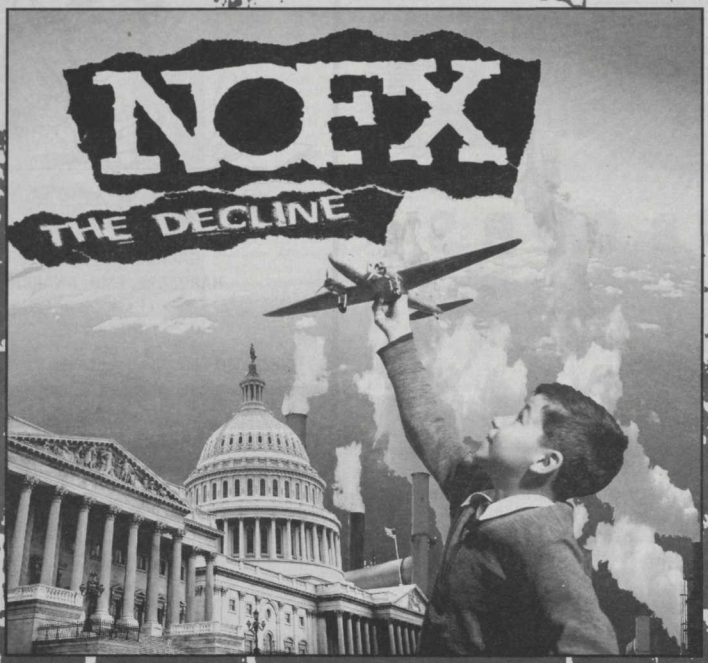

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KRISTIN HERSH

by Anthony Monday

On stage, Kristin Hersh is indefinable: half Japanese Bhuto dancer, half Rock Star. It comes out in the way she doesn't blink while singing, the way she stares out, unmoving eyes, over the heads of her seated audience. It comes out in the way she is alone, completely. It comes out in how, after being whip-smacked by her songs, she becomes chatty and friendly between them. It comes out in the way her lips and eyes change and pout while she looks at her guitar — a look that seems to say "I've been doing this for 15 years, I'm still selling half-filled rooms, but, its okay. This is what I do."

She becomes one of her own songs.

"Each song is like trying to define a personality. Songs are like people," she says to me, pre-show, in a quiet and empty Starfish Room. "It's hard to define them. I don't know what each of my songs mean, it just has to be said with those words. I have to feel like the truth is coming out of my mouth."

Off-stage she is like quiet sparkles, relaxed and witty. Her kids explore the empty club; she watches them curiously, carefully, but still lays all her attention on me. Both Ryder, the middle child, and Wyatt, the youngest, seem to have her mouth and her face — round and porcelain, but at the same time alive, curious. "Dylan's thirteen, he's in school, with his father. I lost custody of him because I was in a band. But the father is a surfer, I don't know if that is better. He spends as much time as he can with us. He understands the situation."

The other two travel with Kristin, who says, "I'm the only teacher they know, which is fine while they are both under grade five. Come to long division, well, then its going to be a problem." I laugh with her. "They've done most of their growing up on tour busses and travelling." I can see the touring child in both of them. Ryder helps with the set-up, and later that night, before the show, I see Kristin walk Wyatt to the back of the house. He looks around at the varied people while she focuses on getting him up onto the stage, backstage.

They all travel in a large jeep, the equipment trailed behind them in a U-Haul. The family is an extended road trip. Swiss Family Rockstar, of sorts.

"Financially, tours are a nightmare. The only reason I am not with my band [Throwing Muses] now is purely financial. It broke our hearts [that] we couldn't be together."

Later, during one of her encores, an audience member yells out, "I hoped you'd be here with a bigger band." Kristin just says, "Me too."

In her veteran touring and singing career, she's worked with many labels and people. In Europe, she's always been with 4AD, but in North America, she's been with both 4AD, her own Throwing Music, and Sire.

"I've met some really great people who worked with the major labels, you know, the ones who listen to really great music in their office, and then go sell millions of dollars of really terrible music the rest of the time. And they were good to us, they just didn't publicise us."

I ask who her target audience is, and she responds by telling me that *The Village Voice* had told its readers to go see a Kristin Hersh show, if not purely to see the wide range of people she attracts. This is an offhanded compliment she's happy to accept.

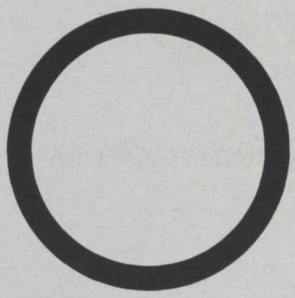
"I mean, I want to say, 'market us to everyone but 12-year-olds,' but you can't do that — [big labels] can't make money marketing good music, they know that. So many bands are reaching for that one single, that one hit to make them with everyone. But once they get there, that's it, then they're finished. That's one of the reasons I've turned down Lilith Fair for so many years, too. Besides, why introduce such Gender Speak into your songs if it's not already there as a theme?" We both laugh at Jewel's gender speak, or lack thereof.

She sips herbal tea, and Wyatt toddles over, he has ice-cream in his hair.

Back on stage, she sings her cryptic songs, songs that are like the many varied people in the room, each one hard to define. One beautiful boy sitting at the front of the stage, alone, cries during "Heaven" and I suddenly can't decide who moves me more, he or Kristin. I am mesmerized by his honesty and her honesty and stay, transfixed on his tears, until Kristin finishes the song, breaking the emotional rip-tide with her story of exploding Swedish fish. (Apparently a delicacy. Oh, those crazy Swedes.) •

photo by patrick hastingway

Confessions of an Unrepentant Intellectual:



An Interview with Oliver Hockenhull

by Tania Bolskaya

As an SFU student in the 1980s, Oliver Hockenhull came to film through a bit of friendly advice. Immersed in a heady mix of politics, sociology, philosophy, and communications, it was suggested that he add an art to his repertoire as a means of not just thinking but doing. Since 1988's Determinations, *a multi-dimensional exploration of the Squamish Five, Hockenhull has been both thinking and doing — creating film essays which challenge audiences to enter and explore their complex topics. His most recent work,* Building Heaven, Remembering Earth: Confessions of a Fallen Architect, *was selected for the Documentary competition at this year's Vancouver International Film Festival and given the honour of three screenings in the festival fortnight.*

Building Heaven, Remembering Earth is, however, not a documentary. Neither is it a narrative or fictional film. It falls into a special category reserved for the works of filmmakers who are determined to remain unbound by the conventions of mainstream cinema. As with most films that realize their potential as completely cinematic experiences, this film is difficult to describe. It is not, like most narrative films, a novel told through moving pictures. Nor is it, like many documentaries, a textbook illustrated with dramatic action and oral storytelling. It is part travelogue, as Hockenhull visits great architectural works of Europe, North America and India, and provides a travel diary voice-over. There is a dramatic structure in which fictional characters interact with the travelling Hockenhull. Architectural theory is discussed, as is the social well-being of the planet. However, the itemization of these parts cannot recreate the visual, aural, intellectual whole. During the festival, I spoke with Hockenhull about his work and his experiences as a Canadian film essayist.

***DiSCORDER*: What were your inspirations for this particular film?**

Oliver Hockenhull: There's actually a long history of filmmakers who explore issues in a film essay form. This isn't really a documentary, it's really a film essay, and that tradition goes back to someone like Dziga Vertov. More recently, [it could be compared to the work of] someone like Chris Marker, who deals with the relationship between the subject matter and the imagination, so that it becomes a living engagement with the subject matter. One of the problems that we find with general media is that it is supposedly factual, but it's not actually a living thing. You're not dealing with a reflection on problems or questions or issues. I think that my work is interested in doing that all the time. I think it's very important to have the beauty of life and be part of the answer to any question. We can see that in the tradition of the written essay as well, where there is the issue and then there is contemplation of the issue from a personal viewpoint. Then that personal viewpoint expands to a transpersonal viewpoint as well.

...where the driest essay is the one which just disseminates information. It's such a complex film, there are so many elements — you have the narrative, you have actors, you have distinctive visuals. Before you put the film together, how much was planned, how much did you find along the way?

I think that it's important to realise that this kind of film is process-oriented, so there is an immediacy with the material, but that immediacy is founded on a long research period. My research may take me a year and half before I shoot. I'm really doing a lot of reading, I'm doing a lot of thinking about these issues and reflecting. Someone mentioned at one screening that they found the work full of theory. Actually I've read all of that stuff, but I use it as manure. I let things grow out of it, let the poetry or my own imagination grow out of it. And it's not heavily theory-oriented. Someone who may be unfamiliar with architectural theory or French theory or deconstructionist theory [can still enjoy my work].

Right now there's a big market for the documentary, but mostly the kind of documentary you can watch on TV at 9 pm, like *Biography*. How do you see your film fitting into...

...the marketplace?

Into the marketplace but also into people's lives?

I think it was Tom Wolfe, or Norman Mailer, who said, 'Television has gotten to the point where it's scraping the top of the barrel.' There's so much space out there, they're looking. I'm not saying that it's going to sell everywhere, but I think it'll get shown on Finnish TV or French TV or Bravo. I do think it's still a hard sell on these kind of works that are a little more demanding on people. What happened was that this film was mostly funded by the Canada Council. The Canada Council is a jury process, and it's people I don't know. These people may be artists but they're also citizens. They're also just regular people who go to school, who have mothers and sisters and brothers who own gas stations. They're the ones who say, 'Yes, we think this is of value. We want to allow people to see another way of seeing the world.' Luckily in Canada there is still that venue available.

This film was shot completely in digital. What has digital meant for you?

It's really great in a certain way. I'm traditionally a filmmaker, I like to work in film because of the quality of the image, it makes a difference. For this project, it was no bigger than your [Walkman-sized] tape recorder, the camera that I shot with. It allowed me to travel very easily and also it allowed a much greater intimacy with the material and with myself. It's not really required to have a crew. It's a completely different way of thinking about the world itself, too. For me it really has to do with the transformative capabilities of the digital medium because it's purely a code. That makes you accept the prominence today of the transformative quality of the medium. McLuhan said that when a new medium comes into being, people use it in traditional ways. The big argument in Constructivism in the Russians was that people were using cinema as if it were theatre. Well, it's not theatre. You don't have to rely on the confines of theatre to make movies. The jump cut was done in 1918 by the Constructivists. Hollywood finds it even difficult now to accept [jump cuts] in a film, that you can play with time. The digital is even more open to purely interpretive qualities. The tools of transforming an image are accessible now to anybody with a $10,000 computer. That's still a hell of a lot less than it was five years ago, and it will be a lot less in a couple more years. Special effects are much more easily available.

There was a big shift in tone when your film moves from the West to the East. For me it was a shift from solids and inanimates to a living, breathing world. Is that something you wanted to express to the audience?

There is a shift, but that shift is based on a

"Electronic man has to train his perceptions in a relation to a total environment that includes all previous cultures — simultaneously."

Marshall McLuhan

strong questioning of the Western traditions. Not to deny that in the history of the Western traditions there is a continuum of referencing of the eternal, but in the East it's quite prominent. The eternal is always there. There's a history of this kind of quest. It was done very much by European intellectuals after World War II. People often, especially in North America, don't recognize the importance of WWII to the intellectual heritage of the West. Those moments of Auschwitz and Hiroshima are moments of fantastic horror of what civilization could create. Germany, being one of the great homes of Western culture, creating a civilization that would allow these things to happen, a lot of Western intellectuals, like Romain Rolans and Herman Hesse — and numerous others — started going, 'What's the matter here? There must be a seed in Western culture that's problematic.' I think we're still dealing with that. We live in a society that rarely senses that as being the foundation of the society.

Progressivism. We're always trying to move forward, away from where we began.

Away from origin, too, away from time itself. We try to speed up time so that we don't experience the profundity of time.

Do you prefer to work out of Vancouver, and the Canadian film climate? Is it friendly to a person like yourself who is not making 'Hollywood North' films, not making narrative films?

To be honest, it's not. My peers are supportive, but the climate itself is not particularly supportive. You feel that as an artist, here in North America, and especially on the west coast, you're not really respected like you would be in Europe, as an example. There's a complete acceptance of that. It's not just for young kids. [The attitude,] 'Oh well, this is just a phase,' [is] a little bit hard to take sometimes. Probably only because I've had the experience where it's not like that.

Do you think that's because of the focus in North America on the commercial and on marketable things as opposed to the intellectual and artistic for their own sake?

It also has to do with the lack of living culture, the lack of integration between social consciousness and political consciousness and artistic consciousness. They aren't seen as one continuum. There's a real fracture within our society between those people who are creative, who use their creative mind, and those people who are basically functionaries. You don't have that relationship between politics and culture. I love and respect this place, but I've also been upset about the direction it's been taking. It doesn't seem to have the ideals that it once had. That's a bit of a problem about Vancouver, for me, but maybe it will rejuvenate itself again.

Building Heaven, Remembering Earth: Confessions of a Fallen Architect *has recently been accepted for the International Competition of the Graz Biennial on Media + Architecture. Hopefully, the film will make a regular-run return to Vancouver screens, but it is probably more likely that Canadians will next have the opportunity to experience its beauty and engaging complexity on the small screen, via video or television. If there are any true minds in Canadian film distribution, we'll be scraping the top of the barrel soon.* •

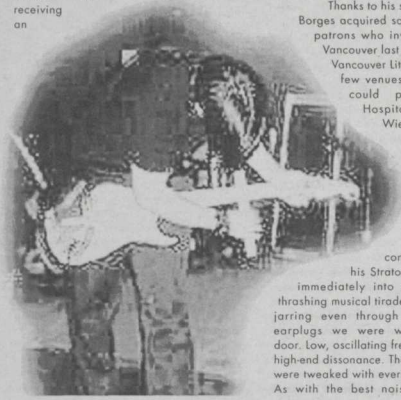
JON BORGES

THE YOUTH ARE STILL SONIC

by Mo Biggsley and Luke Meat

You have to wonder about the kids these days; with the musical role models that are hitting the charts, one might reasonably question whether the glint in every young musician's eyes is fueled by their fervent desire to be the next member of BoyZone. Since witnessing Jon Borges' ear-splitting performance at the Vancouver Little Theatre on September 25th, I am convinced that the youth of today (or at least a select few) will furnish the next millennium with alternatives to top 40 drivel.

Jon Borges is a 14-year old Tulare, CA native who's heading up the junior leagues of an army lead by the likes of Jim O'Rourke and Glen Branca. After receiving an electric guitar from mom at the age of 10, Borges soon discovered he had a knack for noise. "At first it was all I knew how to do and I really didn't know that there was anyone else doing this," he says. "Then I found out there was a whole genre." Living in a small town with virtually no noise music scene, the Internet became an invaluable tool for finding out about other noise performers. One such act, Canadian Nihilist Spasm Band, introduced him to the "No Music Festival," a London, Ontario avant-garde carnival of sonic delights hosted by the aforementioned legends, where Borges managed to wrangle himself a spot beside greats like Borbetomagus, O'Rourke, Solmania, and Vancouver's own Unclean Wiener.



Thanks to his stunning performance, Borges acquired some local noise scene patrons who invited him up to play Vancouver last month. He played the Vancouver Little Theatre (one of the few venues a musician his age could play) with friends Hospital and Unclean Wiener. The performance structure was free-form, with each act bleeding seamlessly into the next. As Hospital's gripping set wound down, Borges leapt up confidently, strapped on his Stratocaster, and exploded immediately into spastic motion. His thrashing musical tirade was a sonic assault, jarring even through the complimentary earplugs we were wisely given at the door. Low, oscillating frequencies dueled with high-end dissonance. The listener's taut nerves were tweaked with every cacophonous swell. As with the best noise music, the sheer irritating amusicality of Borges' "songs" was strangely poetic. Soothing? Maybe not. As Borges puts it, "My music isn't supposed to be relaxing, and if anyone feels that way, they just... shouldn't." Couldn't have put it better myself.

Describing his experience of that night, Borges claimed, "It was really great. I didn't really pay attention to the audience during my set." Only his second live public performance, it was perhaps less daunting than his first, where he shared the bill with some of his heroes, an event he admits was "physically draining." Borges is also a prolific recording artist, having released some ten tapes to date. His latest, *Action*, recorded on a four-track in his living room, is a fascinatingly dense introduction to his music.

Behind this prodigious youth lies the supporting love of an unusually open-minded person, Borges' mother Elizabeth White. Few moms would put up with, let alone encourage, a budding noise musician. White, who schools Borges at home, even undertook the five-day drive from California to Ontario to bring her son to the No Music Festival, a drive during which Borges turned fourteen. Far beyond tolerating Jon's music, White takes great pride in it, and even listens to many of the same bands as her son (her favorite is Sonic Youth). All the same, Jon's daily living-room practice is capped at 9 PM. Even cool moms have rules, and even cool kids have bedtimes.

For the moment, Borges plans to head back home and "stop for a while." With the energy he dispenses at his shows, it's not surprising that he needs a rest. Let's just hope it's not for too long.

Jon Borges can be contacted by e-mail at <terminus01@msn.com> or the old-fashioned way at 856 E. San Joaquin, Tulare, CA, 93274-4330 USA. •

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Lamb

by Hancunt and Bobby Shea

Lou Rhodes of Lamb is incredible, spilling health and beauty like a fucking waterfall. Bobby Shea and I sat across from her in the Upper 'Nar, grilling her about sex, feminism, joy ... oh yeah, and music.

Lou: 'Post-feminism' is about reclaiming what's womanly. Feminism was a movement that needed to happen, but a lot of it seemed to be concentrated on denying what was womanly: *the stereotypical feminism, the dungaree*-wearing short hair vibe, which is a stereotype.

***DiSCORDER*: Instead of trying to reinterpret what it means to be sexual or vulnerable, it was being shut out.**

It's important that women are appreciated for what we're all about, and the important work to be done on that score is to give value to what is womanly. For so long what was womanly was negative: woman was the moon, man was the sun. We're the dark side, the other side, and the weak side.

Yet the moon can be very bright!

Women's vulnerability is their strength, and women's softness and concentration on emotion is strength rather than a weakness. I come from a country where a woman ruled for many years, yet this was a woman who just took on male values; she could make anyone ashamed to be a woman.

They're not going to let a woman be in power unless she's going to subscribe to those values, unless she'll support a war-faring, capitalistic world. Do you think we are in an actual post-feminist time, in that feminism 'worked' in whatever it was supposed to accomplish, and now we can all be in 'post'?

I use it in a kind of ironic sort of way, since we are so obsessed with putting labels on things. Yes, we are definitely in a post-feminism phase now, and there have been many bad things that have happened: this whole 'girl power' thing, I don't know if the whole Spice Girls thing has happened over here.

Yes, the Spice Girls became huge over here. England has a reputation as being quite a frigid country. Do you think that frigidity is what facilitates things like the Spice Girls?

We have a weird culture in England, there's a weird division between the sexes. There's been a resurgence of 'new lad' culture which came about as a response to PC or feminist viewpoints, and there's lots of new publications, such as *Loaded* magazine, that are basically putting tits back in men's magazines and saying it's okay now, it's all cool and trendy.

And some women want their tits in there!

When it started, I thought it never would take off. Now it's huge. It sells more copies than *The Face*. And it's just tits and football, yet in the current climate in the UK, that seems cool. The 'girl power' was the response to the new lad thing, but for me, neither is the path to go down, neither is a response to feminism. The only way for the sexes to move forward is for greater understanding between the two, rather than this complete battle. The lads go down to the pub on a Friday night, the girls go down there too, and they sit in different crowds and poke fun at each other and laugh really loud. That's the epitome of the battle of the sexes...

Or the gulf between the sexes!

I don't go for that, I don't think a battle is the right way to move forward.

Do any of these dynamics play in your musical relationship with Andy? You have a yin and a yang in Lamb: one guy, one girl.

In another interview, we were talking about the *sexuality and a spiritual element of when you* meet someone, and even if you are already in a relationship, there can be a connection of some sort, how do you deal with that? Andy said a funny thing, he said, 'Lou is the only woman that I'm really close to that I haven't slept with,' and he said that this has taught him a lot. He's younger than I am, and he's always been a real *hedonist. He's always had a really strong belief* that he should never not do anything, he's pushed the barriers in his life with everything — drugs, sex, everything — and really feels that he had to do this to be free. His idea of freedom is that you must transgress all those barriers. Now he has come to an equilibrium: he's with somebody that he loves very much, and he's come to the conclusion that he doesn't have to be promiscuous in order to be free. He suddenly realized that, as he put it, he's been spilling too much of his *chi* around, and that this was actually doing him more harm than good. I don't think it's a very soul-enriching way of life, at the end of the day. I've never done it, so I don't know, but sleeping with a different person every other night...

And on tour you're probably provided with the opportunity.

Exactly, if you're in a band, more likely for the boys than the girls, but you could sleep with a different person every night. You can basically just take your pick.

Do you think it's the same for girls as it is for guys on tours? Do you ever get guys hitting on you after the show?

Not really, but then I don't go looking for it. And it's a very different thing. I'm not the only girl on this tour, my best friend is along to look after my baby. But since the band was started, I had a long experience of being the only woman on tour, and it does interest me how different it is, the experience is very different for men and women. The main difference for me is that I'm a monogamist anyway, I've never been promiscuous. I equate love and sex too much, I can't detach the two things, so I don't go looking. The boys could quite easily step out into the audience after the show and find a different girl every night, and often have done this to various degrees. I'm sure I could do that too if I was that way inclined, but since the culture of rock and roll has been such a male culture, we don't ever seem to see male groupies. I usually get men coming up and being a lot more spiritual with me than sexual. I think they must be responding to the lyrics. I get a lot of boys coming and telling me about their girlfriends — which is really quite lovely — and saying things like, 'Oh, "Gorecki" is our song.' That's really wicked.

Do you find it harder to express happiness than sadness through your music?

I think there is a climate presently where it's uncool to be happy, especially in youth culture, and in music in general. For me, I don't know if I'm just a freak, but I do experience joy most days. It might just be a tiny thing, so small that maybe other people just aren't noticing.

Betty Carter is my favourite jazz vocalist, and your style is evocative of hers. You also remind me of other jazz vocalists: you evoke a bit of Billie Holiday, or even Jimmy Scott. Do you garner a lot of comparisons with jazz vocalists?

Yes, I'm very much into the chanteuse style, a strong woman thing. That's what I love, strong women like Billie Holiday and Nina Simone, who express such passion and emotion in a strong yet vulnerable way, that's what I'm so much about as well.

It's definitely a jazz tradition, not a white European tradition.

But it's seeing that vulnerability and strength...

...reinterpreting vulnerability in a positive sense.

A lot of the times our music is misinterpreted as being dark, partly from the minor keys we use *sometimes. There's been a lot of research done* into music in that certain keys evoke certain emotions in people, and this quite often happens when people listen to our music. For me, true joy is always tinged with sadness, and this is why our music may do this to people. I don't want to write happy happy throwaway pop, so it's kind of getting the balance. I was *holding my son, listening to this Gershwin track*, and it was almost like Herbie Hancock knew what I was thinking. It [may] only be a split second, but it's a moment where various things fuse and make a moment absolutely perfect. It's so fleeting, but that's why it's tinged with sadness — you know it's going to be over really quickly. I felt, 'My god, I'm so happy with my son, but one day he's going to grow up and I won't be able to hold him like this and yet I'll be really proud, as he'll be a big man.' This is what we try to sum up in our music: these combinations of things, the poignancy rather than a happy happy joy thing. I cry from joy and sadness. I cry far too often! •

photos by Bobby Shea

LABRA

As Labradford discs begin to revolve, they don't dissolve their surrounding silence — they reveal that silence never really existed to begin with. As the time codes advance, Labradford draws the not-sounds of open windows, street noise filtering into the listening room, air moving, barely-heard words rising from pedestrian traffic, breathing, and a beating heart around the dense tracks on *Prazision* (1993) and *A Stable Reference* (1995). The early recordings of the Richmond, VA ensemble specialise in amplifying the dark tones in background noise, especially that of urban organic activity, crafting it into a musical vortex that the listener can almost touch. Labradford's first two albums use a battery of analogue keyboards, electric stringed instruments, and stomp boxes to create an imposing induction into a musical space that suspends, dissects, and transforms the listener's understanding of aural landscapes.

Given their sub-verbal approach to the creation of sound, perhaps it's not surprising that Labradford's members have a reputation of being, well, less than talkative about their art. The band's soundcheck for their September 21st show at the venerable Starfish Room certainly didn't seem like the prologue for a relaxed chat: every corner of the empty venue was haunted with sounds generated by the three dimly-lit, gaunt figures on stage, magnifying the isolation of the non-band members milling about the club. On the stage, Labradford seemed unapproachable and immobile as they hunched over their instruments, glaring at the panels of flashing points of light. But, as the room finished rumbling with the final notes of "S," Carter Brown (keyboards), Mark Robinson (guitar, vocals), and Robert Donne (bass guitar) suddenly became animate and filed off the stage. They even answered a few nervously placed questions concerning the tuning stability of the oscillators on their Memorymoog synthesizer. Bingo. Nothing like a shared obsession to break the ice...

Although tired (and, initially, looking slightly hunted) they were relaxed, approachable, and friendly folks. Mark explained that Labradford (and his side project, Pan American) had been on tour in Europe in the spring playing a string of sold-out performances billed as "The Second Labradford Festival of Drifting." Since then, they had been on the road in North America and were just starting to feel the effects of a marathon trek across middle America's interstates. The band agreed that their road-weariness stemmed from shifting major urban centres rapidly. Passing through industrial wastelands like Gary, IN (the murder capital of America, on the outskirts of Chicago) that surround those metropolitan hives is typical of this recurring landscape. In the dim black light of DVB, we took turns relating our experiences of this kind of borderland. The dry, shock-masking chuckles that the various misadventures drew seemed to lift the road dust and lack of sleep, helping to regain some flagging appetites. After a quick bite, a detour into a corner shop to snag a *Buy & Sell* (an unshakeable habit of Carter's), and a (brief) flirtation with a cheap Polymoog synthesiser discovered therein, we settled into a comfortable talk about the evolution of Labradford's music.

Chronologically speaking, our discussion started dead centre; the group's eponymous third album seemed an obvious point to begin, as *Labradford* (1996) is a pivotal point in the band's discography. The disc marks an about-face from the strictly analogue-electronic approach to instrumentation on *Prazision* and *A Stable Reference*. On the one hand, this album was the first record to incorporate high-tech digital gear like samplers and sequencers into Labradford's set-up; on the other, the disc also inaugurated traditional studio instruments, including a string section and conventional keyboards such as piano and Hammond organ. The shift in production values was also accompanied by a change in compositional style; as Carter points out, the introduction of these new elements into the group's sound was a deliberate but natural progression that accompanied Labradford's growth as songwriters.

According to Mark, the band's new direction was not only prompted by curiosity, restlessness, and an evolving aesthetic, but by the demands of their live show. The addition of samplers to the analogue arsenal "was Bobby's idea," he explains; "Digital gear was a way to free us on stage. The early shows would be very tense experiences, with us staring across at one another trying to keep time. Samplers allowed us to relax and concentrate on other things." Bobby adds that his interest in sampling provided him with "the opportunity to bring something new to the group, and to discover how the technology would work within the music." This digital marriage of convenience also fit well into Labradford's ethic of sonic experimentation. In addition to enhancing the structure of live songs by providing reliably recurring parts, sampling technology allowed the group to use a wide range of unusual sounds to build their rhythmic accompaniment. *Mi media naranja* (1997) in particular is characterised by its use of chiming, shrieking analogue synthesizer emanations, and percussive musique concrete components as foundations for rhythm parts. On this album, Labradford blends these programmed beats with spaghetti-western guitar, silky-smooth Rhodes tones, and bass twangs that border on the baritone. The resulting mixture of soothing instrumentation and frenetic sequencer mojo creates an insistent dynamic unique to the group's discography. *Mi media naranja* exemplifies Labradford's commitment to making each new album a distinct entity, not only in terms of song writing, but of atmosphere and sonic perspective.

The close correlation between the band's choice of instruments and the development of their music, then, suggests a kind of symbiosis between the two components of musical production. Carter downplays the connection, however, and focuses instead on how Labradford's aesthetics fit within their current stages of perception. Referring to the liner notes on *Prazision* (which listed many of the obscure vintage synths used on the disc, including beauties like the Roland Vocoder Plus and Moog's 18-oscillator Goliath, the Memorymoog), Carter describes the relationship with his gear at that point

NOTES ON

LABRADFORD

as a reflection of his early influences. Carter cites the excesses of the prog-rock era — "You know, the desire to have a stack of eight keyboards around you" — as an impulse acquired during his formative musical years that carried over into his current project. Although he feels that the band has (mostly) weaned itself off of these immoderate tendencies, Carter remains an unabashed Rick Wakeman and Keith Emerson fan. Mark believes that the almost naïve reverence for innovation championed by Labradford's moustachioed musical forebears still persists within the group. "There was a real innocence about our early efforts," he explains, "a sense of fun and discovery that continues to shape the evolution of the band."

Given the eerie, brooding quality of Labradford's work, Mark's comment might come as a bit of a surprise. But not entirely. Listening to their discs, his observation in mind, emphasises the dimension of gentleness, even guilelessness, buried within the architecture of urgency that supports many Labradford tracks. The innocence and discovery that Mark describes is more easily heard in the later material, though, where delicate tones are given more prominence. The increasing use of such sounds is characteristic of the Zen-ish attitude that band has adopted towards its gear, which concentrates on getting more musical satisfaction from fewer instruments.

This approach is showcased in the production of their later works, and although the members see it as a natural progression, the process required definite decisions concerning Labradford's relationship with the tools in its sound-forge. Mark suggests that the group made a conscious effort to "reduce sound to its basic elements," and as far as his own instrument was concerned, "to strive to be really comfortable with maybe one or two sounds." The stark tones that Mark discovered in this pursuit combine with the resonant vibrations of Bobby's bass guitar and Carter's lush keyboard and string arrangements to create devastating suites of urban psalms, so forming the sonic template for the band's recent direction.

As Carter sees it, however, the main intent behind Labradford's music remains "expressing and developing a language that's a product of [their] three personalities, evolving over time." The group's latest offering, *E Luxo So* (1999), further refines their dynamic and marks another important step in the cultivation of this communication. Developing the musical interaction that Carter speaks of seems to have been enhanced (paradoxically, perhaps) by successively reducing their linguistic communication. *E Luxo So* is (apart from EP and compilation releases) Labradford's first entirely instrumental collection, with Mark's whispery announcements and sharp pictorial lyrics noticeably absent. The disc also takes the band's practice of minimizing its song titles to the next logical extreme by simply supplying numeric titles, 1 through 6, to the tracks on the disc. Rather than diminishing the fullness of their musical panoramas, however, Labradford's progressive reductions have increased the focus, the specificity, of the atmosphere that the band envisions for each album.

This process has paralleled Labradford's changing relationship with the recording studio (currently Sound of Music in Richmond, VA with engineer John Morand), which has become increasingly important to the composition procedure. As an example, Carter refers to the creation of "3," an achingly beautiful piece that features a "bridge" consisting of a freight elevator in grinding ascension: "We needed a transition to complete the two sections," he explains, "and recording an elevator as a movement in the piece was something that evolved naturally in the studio." The decision to keep the arrangement for the piece sparse was also formed at the mixing board, and Mark states that "the song didn't improve when more instruments were added, so we kept it solo." This left Carter's delicate piano refrain and rich string arrangement (featuring violinist Chris Johnston, who has played on each of their albums since Labradford) to stand alone, exploring the too often hidden potential of solitude.

When Labradford debuted "3" (minus the strings) live this Spring in Islington Chapel, London at the Second Labradford Festival of Drifting, the piece concluded the band's set. One by one, the stage lights dimmed and the cavernous church grew completely dark until all that remained were the plaintive notes sighing out of a grand piano. When I eventually heard the recorded version, the presence of strings on of the song captured the absent majesty and resonance that the venue gave "3" at the Festival of Drifting. On *E Luxo So*, the piece fits in beautifully with the tenor of the album, and stands as a haunting bridge between the first and second movement of the album; live, it sounded like a farewell that could break a heart in two.

"3" did not appear in Labradford's edgy and powerful show at the Starfish Room, but an unexpected appearance by (fellow Kranky artists) Godspeed You Black Emperor's string section added a similarly affecting delight towards the end of the set. The night progressed, and as Labradford built up their intense musical tapestries with electricity and vibrating strings only to tear them down again, bleak and sublime cityscapes unfolded and recompressed. Mark, Carter and Bobby recreate their Pan-American travels as they positioned themselves over their instruments on their current terminal stage. Their fatigue vanished into a well of concentration, their eyes travelling invisibly over every inch of every extreme of ugliness and splendor that urban North America imposes. Labradford does not direct the listener away from those city systems, does not drown them out or blanket over their pulsing substance; rather, the group brings the intricate gaud, grandeur, and tragedy of metropolitics more sharply into focus. The music evolves, playing the listener's sensory receptors like another instrument, broadcasting the band's focused vision by heightening awareness. Labradford crafts the tranquillity and unease of the unattainable, perfect silence by moving sound into stillness. •

V SILENCE

BY ERIC WHITE

PHOTOS BY ANN GONCALVES

Louder Than A Bomb

BY NAT X

By rejecting journalist, writer, and activist Mumia Abu-Jamal's appeal for a writ of habeas corpus this October, the US Supreme Court finally dispelled any illusions one might have about its commitment to "justice." Given the facts, it is absolutely inconceivable that any court, regardless of whether it thought the defendant innocent or guilty, could deny that the original trial and subsequent appeals were travesties of the judiciary process. It is no coincidence that people from all over the world, including the heads of the EU parliament, have appealed for Abu-Jamal's acquittal (or at least retrial), nor is it any more coincidental that this opposition, including the massive simultaneous protests all over the world when the first death warrant was signed, has not been reported by American (and therefore Canadian) news. Just to be clear, here are the facts of the case: In 1981, Abu-Jamal stopped the taxi he was riding in to try to stop a police officer from beating a Black man (who turned out to be Abu-Jamal's brother). Mumia was shot in the chest and officer Daniel Faulkner was shot twice (in the back and in the head). According to witnesses, Abu-Jamal was left on the ground bleeding for over 30 minutes while police officers took turns beating him. He was subsequently charged with murder and sentenced to death in one of the most farcical trials since Dred Scott. The trial was held in Philadelphia, a city with over 1200 cases of police misconduct under review. First, ballistics experts never matched the bullet in Faulkner with the weapon Abu-Jamal was carrying. Second, Mumia's gun was a .38 while the bullets found were .44 caliber. Furthermore, the bullets were copper-cased and neither Mumia's gun nor Faulkner's was capable of firing them. Abu-Jamal's hands were never tested for powder burns — which would indicate if he had even fired a gun — nor was his gun tested to see whether it had been fired recently. Several police witnesses testified that Mumia had confessed at the hospital the night of the shooting, but the key witness, an arresting officer who remained with Abu-Jamal the entire time, mentioned no such confession. This officer was, conveniently, sent on vacation for the duration of the trial and the judge refused a defense motion to either postpone the trial until his return or to recall him. Of more than 125 witnesses interviewed by police, only two identified Mumia as the shooter while many others described a shooter who fled the scene. Not surprisingly, both of the "witnesses" chosen by the police were already facing criminal charges and were thus open to manipulation. One changed her story several times before implicating Abu-Jamal.

The presiding judge was Albert Sabo, known as "the hanging judge" for sentencing 32 people to death (more than twice as many as any other judge). Only two of these were not people of colour. Sabo (a member of the Fraternal Order of Police) denied every defense motion and granted every one for the prosecution. Furthermore, he denied Abu-Jamal his right to self-representation and even had him removed from the courtroom when he protested this violation of his rights. Sabo also excluded qualified Black jurors from the jury. Somehow he also ended up presiding over Mumia's appeal. Furthermore, one defense witness testified that she had been offered the opportunity to continue her work as a prostitute unhindered in exchange for fingering Abu-Jamal as the killer. Sabo ordered her testimony stricken from the record. When she later came forward to recant her previous false testimony, Sabo threatened her with seven years in prison. When that didn't work and she finally told the truth she was arrested as she left the stand. Another prostitute testified that she was forced under threat of arrest to identify Mumia even though she was not present at the time of the shooting. Finally, in 1990 the Supreme Court upheld the right of prosecutors to use Mumia's past affiliation with the Black Panther Party as the basis of their case against him. This is the same court that just a few months later overturned the conviction of a Delaware man because prosecutors had presented at his sentencing hearing evidence of his affiliation with the Neo-Nazi Aryan Nations group. Governor Tom Ridge, long committed to Abu-Jamal's death, signed a new death warrant on Oct 12.

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- **ESSAYS**

  Cornel West, "Free Mumia'?"

  Patricia Williams, "The Executioner's Automat"

  Mark Taylor, "Mumia Abu-Jamal: The 'Secular Saint' of the Cultural Left?"

- **LINKS**

  http://www.freemumia.org/mumia_files/index.html

  http://aspenlinx.com/mumia/

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Under Review

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AGNOSTIC FRONT
Riot, Riot Upstart
(Epitaph)

This should have been called "...and Out Come the Posers."

This album is such a fuckin' joke, I thought it was the new **Weird Al** disc 'cause I couldn't stop laughing. I mean, they had the gall to write "play it loud, mothafucka" (by the way: mother-fucker is the one with the O; muthafucka has a U) on the disc. Even worse: when you flip this steaming morsel of fetid dung over, you're informed (in big, bold letters, no less) that it was produced by none other than Lars Frederiksen, the silly-haired clown from MTV teen-cheese sensations **Rancid**. The worst part, however, is that the first track on this plate of tripe is pretty A-OK. It's quick, fairly heavy, and has neat words about asshole cops. But the rest of this trash is characteristic of the disease that's ravaged the punk/hardcore community for far too long: the Epitaph curse. I mean, you shouldn't buy shit from Epitaugh anyway because they're a bunch of sexist assholes (remember their "ho's, bongs, and beer" ad?) but this album reeks of the over-produced, way-too-slick, football-team chorus, made-for-white-suburban-geek bullshit that we've all come to know and expect from Mr. Brett and the rest of his crew. Guess what, kids: punk is dead... and hardcore's on it's way out thanks to sellouts like **Agnostic Front**. So fuck Rancid. Fuck Epitaph. Fuck Agnostic Front. Fuck this lame, tame shame of an album (and fuck you if you buy it). Play THAT loud, muthafuckas.

peach, g-baby

CRASH
Crash
(Mo' Funk)

Vancouver-based Mo' Funk Records has teamed up with **Crash** in order to show that west coast Canadians indeed have something to contribute to the world acid jazz scene. It's nice to see that Mo' Funk is gaining recognition in other countries, and hopefully the label will help contribute to the movement seeking to foster a Vancouver dance music scene worth talking about.

Crash pull off a number of tight grooves and beats while dipping their hands in various genres related to the acid jazz movement. In tracks like "Steppin' on Lemons," with its walking basslines, one can sense the band's respect for the jazz tradition. "Nick's Kick" gets closer to the funk with its snappy clarinets and Rhodes pianos, and "Shuffulufogus" has a faux-swing feel to it. "Doin' the Dog" appears to make an attempt at something like ska, but all I could do was shrug my shoulders and skip to the next track.

The recording was completed in two days, with probably as little overdubbing as possible, and so the album successfully captures a live and spontaneous feel, not unlike a jam session. While catchy and satisfying if you're listening to it at a house party, on closer inspection you're not going to find anything particularly pioneering about this collection of songs (with the exception of "Meanstreak"), which I think is a problem with many of the acid jazz artists today. With all that said, though, the album still manages to be funky while avoiding sounding like a watered-down *Get Shorty* soundtrack. Knowing Vancouver, this album may soon haunt the speakers of a coffeeshop near you.

Samuel Kim

THE EARTHQUAKE PILLS
General Happiness
(Meloydia)

I'm from Calgary. And while yes, it is a hotbed of racism and cattle, there are some cool things about it. The music scene, for example. Suprisingly, few Calgary bands ever play here, causing Vancouverites tp ponder whether there is more to Calgary than just **Chixdiggit** and **Heuvos Rancheros**. Yes, my children, there is: the **EarthQuake Pills**, comprised of ex-**Wagbeard** singer/songwriter/guitarist Chris Templeton, Steve Elashuk on bass, classical/art/brilliant geek Kara Keith on keyboard, and drummer Christopher Pike. Their second album, *General Happiness*, is sort of like the **Pixies** meets **Flock of Seagulls**, only totally not. More like Wagbeard surfing on New Wave (more than one member has confessed to loving **Men Without Hats**). A quieter album than their first Meloydia release *Audiodidactiphone* (excepting the kickin' thrills of "Self-Love" and the elated, expansive "Intermission" song) *General Happiness* is strange and good. Expect them to be much louder live.

Hancunt

FACE TO FACE
Ignorance is Bliss
(Ladyluck)

Qu'est-ce que c'est? **Face to Face** is no longer a punk rock band!? I am sure I'm not the only one thinking, "What the hell happened?" I've heard of groups selling out, but this is something that goes beyond that. Methinks that Face to Face has decided to take a whole new direction, and write music that appeals to ... I actually don't know. The group has essentially decided to strip away its raw, punked up distortion sound in favour of guitar harmonies and blending melodies. I suppose this is fine if one likes that sort of music, but for hardcore fans who have been listening to Face to Face for years, this is rotten pie in the face. If the ground has seriously taken a new direction, I strongly suggest they change their name. The album actually has ballads, namely "Everyone Hates a Know-it-All" and "Nearly Impossible" — by far the slowest song the punk rock world could have possibly produced. Punk rockers will be slow-dancing with their boyfriends to this one. And the lyrics on this album are way too sophisticated. Just compare them to the ones on the *Big Choice* album of 1995, and the difference will be painfully obvious. The intensity of the music has decreased to about one-half of that of *Big Choice*: a song like "Lost" sounds so radio-friendly, I'd hate to see what would happen if the record company were stupid enough to release it as a single. "Maybe Next Time" almost could have been written by **Goo Goo Dolls**. The one track I actually liked is "I Know What You Are" — this sounds a bit more like their earlier punk rock songs. Copy the songs off a friend, or download them off the Internet, but don't pay for this record. Save the cash for *Big Choice*.

Jerome Yang

FIVE STYLE
Miniature Portraits
(Sub Pop)

These guys are too skilled for their own good. Listening to this record blows me away. There are a lot of fun noodlings on this album, most especially Bill Dolan's guitar intricacies. This man's abilities are astounding. He can play anything, and play it well. Not to make out that Bill is the only hot ticket in this band — he's joined by Jeremy Jacobsen, aka the **Lonesome Organist**, and John Herndon, the drummer in, you know, that band... The best part about this album is that it is so upbeat. These men are happy to be post-rock! So happy, in fact, that in with their jazz and Latin influences, they let the rock back in!

Julie Colero

ELLA JENKINS
And a Union of Friends Pulling Together
(Smithsonian Folkways)

The thing that saddens me about this album is that I have a two-and-a-half year-old godson back in 'Peg city who I'm gonna have to give this to. I really want to keep it, but when you become a godfather you can't just walk around pretending you're cool and telling everyone that you could have them killed. You have to be responsible. You have to be mature. You have to play a role in your godchild's life. I am neither responsible nor mature, but my godson is gonna learn a thing or two from me. I'm gonna teach him about the labour movement. He's gonna learn that big companies suck, cops are assholes, and scabs should be smashed across their empty heads with picket signs. He's gonna grow up proud to be a member of the working class. And this CD is gonna get him started. Twenty-seven tracks of Union-friendly goodness (union-made, of course) for the little demons. Songs so good, they'll kick **Sharon, Lois and Bram**'s Skidamarinky Dinky Dink asses all the way down the block. The tiny terrors'll be running around the house singing "If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the evening." And the history... oh, the history on this disc. Ella recants stories about going to IWW meetings, supporting picket lines, fighting nasty politicians, etc. Buy this for the little bastards in your life and maybe, one day, they'll spit in their boss' eye and say "Thanks to the **Ella Jenkins** I grew up with, I learned about the importance of a united labour front. I joined the movement, and now our Union is strong enough to SHUT YOU DOWN. We've got our hammers, and we're gonna use 'em to tear your fuckin' factory apart. You will not exploit us any longer. Welcome to the strike, asshole!" Well, maybe that'll happen. Maybe...

gibby peach

JACK KEROUAC
Reads On The Road
(Rykodisc)

"What the hell, isn't he dead yet?" you wonder. Will this Beat-boy fascination never end? It's all been a little nauseating, over the years, as we resurrect those boys over and over again, name cafés after them, eulogize them as they die off one by one... all the while never admitting that all that "freedom" was a pretty easy privilege for white middle-class men to grab, as they listened to jazz and tried to be black, as they used women like truck stops. However, I admit that *The Dharma Bums* was my favourite book in high school and inspired me to get my hitch-hiking career off the ground. I admit that if not for the riot of words the Beats published, the world of literature might still be really staid and conservative. And I have to admit that this CD is not a disgusting marketing ploy to cash in on beat-fetishism, but a genuinely interesting sampling of **Jack Kerouac**'s recordings of himself reading and singing and goofing around.

The material here was recorded in the late '50s and early '60s, though some poems have additional music recorded last year and composed by the likes of **John Medeski** and **David Amram**. **Tom Waits** and **Primus** also do a turn that is part tribute and part original Kerouac. The longest unaccompanied reading is from *On The Road*, and chronicles a night with Neal Cassady (Dean Moriarty) in a San Francisco jazz club. It's pretty captivating, and nice to hear Kerouac reading himself rather than someone else pretentiously fawning over the text. Kerouac has a great voice — smooth and velvety at times, hyped and jumpy at others. He sounds like such a sweet, sentimental guy singing "Ain't We Got Fun," he should have had his own radio show. It's well worth a listen, and not only Beat fans need apply.

Anna Friz

KINCAID
Kincaid Plays Super Hawaii
(Kindercore)

For all those averse to cute, catchy pop, beware **Kincaid**! These boys from Athens, GA (now relocated to New York City, aspiring cosmopolites that they are) are on top of that whole pop scene thing. Bandmates Ryan and Dan are the hard-working men behind Kindercore Records, a label which continually doles out poptastically stellar records, their own being no exception. Kincaid sticks to the safe pop formula, ensuring plenty of sing-along opportunities and toe-tapping choruses. I like it when bands convey life in verse-chorus format so perfectly.

Julie Colero

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here's more o' them reviews

LEFTFIELD
Rhythm and Strength
(Columbia/Sony)
You'd think after five years or so someone could come up with something new. Especially someone who burst onto the scene *with such originality* and panache.

Alas, no, this is not to be the case with good old **Leftfield**. The new album is so much like the last one I actually had to eject it just to check I had not accidentally placed the wrong CD into my rickety CD player.

Again, alas, I had not, this was indeed the "new" album, bland and boring in comparison to the amount of electronica that has sprouted forth since *Leftism* hit the stores five years ago.

Unfortunately, in such a developing field where new styles and blends of genres and styles are blooming almost every week, Leftfield has not kept up. Which is sad, as I think they have so much potential. I, personally, don't need another CD featuring reggae vocals over a break-beat, or another Euro-techno rebirth.

I don't have time for it. And neither should you.

Anthony Monday

LE TIGRE
Le Tigre
(Mr Lady)
I don't *think* this is meant to be funny. Kathleen Hanna's latest band, this time including Sadie Benning and Johanna Fateman, is kinda kooky. Held over from the **Julie Ruin** days are the keyboards, samples and wacky drum beats, but more rock is introduced into this mix. The strong, simplistic guitar parts work well with Kathleen's grating voice, but her message often gets garbled behind the music. The first half of this album has a lot of rants and chants, while the second half takes a more laid-back, electronic route. After struggling through "Hot Topic" (a who's who of women who have made a difference for the feminist cause) and "What's Yr Take On Casevetes?" (left speaker: "Genius!" right speaker: "Misogynist!" left: "Alcoholic!" right: "Messiah!"), I enjoyed "Slideshow at Free University," with its sampled oration by a professor on the purpose of art, and "Dude Yr So Crazy!!" which is a big ol' dis song for all them boys in wife-beaters, raver boys, and anyone else these girls don't like much. Ups and downs, ups and downs, and so it goes in the growing process that is Kathleen Hanna.

Julie Colero

ME'SHELL NEDGECEOLLO
Bitter
(Maverick)
Gorgeous, *sumptuous*, splendid, and yes, very bitter. This album is so different from *Plantation Lullabys* and *Peace Beyond Passion* that at first I wasn't down. Only for the first, like, 20 seconds. But when the strings that comprise the album's prelude, "Adam," drop out and give way to the first piano note of "Fool of Me," I thought the sky was opening to pour itself down. *Bitter* is obviously about Me'shell falling in love and then being denied that love, presumably because she cheated on her partner. Have you ever loved and lost for that reason? This is the soundtrack. "Fool of Me" aches more than **Marvin Gaye**, while Me'shell's voice makes you wetter than **Michael Frente** ever could. It has just replaced the **Karl Hendrix Trio**'s "Weekend of Sin" (which in turn replaced **Elvis Costello**'s "I Want You") as my Official Anthem of Unrequited Love. The other songs are all fucking beautiful as well. Meditating on the timelessness of sincerity, loyalty, and beauty and framing her loss in the biblical story of Adam and Eve, Me'shell's lyrics are as sparse and gorgeous as icicles: "My Daddy made no excuse/I believe my lies are truth/Why won't you eat what you are fed/When I touch myself/I think of only you/And when I touch someone else." My only problem with the album is that Me'shell only lists the names of her musicians, not specifying which tracks they're on and what instruments they use, so I have no way of knowing whose incredible voice is singing with her on "Wasted Time." If anybody finds out, contact me at this paper. Or look for me at Me'shell's upcoming show at the Commodore Ballroom. I will be the one melted into a big puddle right in front of the stage.

Hancunt

PEOPLE LIKE US
Hate People Like Us
(Soleilmoon)
This is, ostensibly, a remix album/companion to **People Like Us**' 1997 release, *Hate People Like You*. Having never heard the original, I cannot really comment on the faithfulness of these new interpretations. However, PLU (aka Vicki Bennett) has scattered a number of pieces entirely her own amongst others' regurgitations, so there is some indication that she and her remixers are working in a similar spirit.

There are some big names at work on this album: **Coil**, **Negativland**, **Boyd Rice**, **Stock, Hausen & Walkman**, **Death In June**, and **Mika Vainio**, to name only the most prominant. Bennett's music — which involves, primarily, sample terrorism in the vein of earlier Negativland — is often hysterically funny, and it is sometimes shocking to hear how her remixes take this spirit of fun to heart, often against their usual natures. **Death In June**, for example, a band as moribund as they come, manages to squeeze some humour out from under his armband on "Lycra Rally." Third Reich samples ceased to be transgressive/innovative 'round about 1982; nonetheless, the juxtapositions are shocking and successful. Other artists, such as **Rehberg & Bauer** and Mika Vainio, distill Bennett's work until it closely resembles their own.

To close this review, I think it needs to be said that I don't know what's more sad: that Coil submitted an answering machine message and got it pressed to disc, or that I enjoyed listening to it.

zkray

MARK RIBOT
Live Shrek: Yo! I Killed Your God
(Tzadik)
This album, recorded live between '92 and '94 at CBGB's and in Japan and Switzerland, *ain't no Y Los Cubanos Postizos*. This is **Marc Ribot**'s "Jewish Punk Revolutionary." He covers everyone from **Hendrix** to **Hammerstein**, but his original compositions, the beautiful "Requiem For What's His Name" and the lyrically superior *title track, are where it's at*. Ribot's guitar work is original and his vocals are either lazy and cynical or loud and idiotic. Produced by **John Zorn** and released on Tzadik Records, this album (although Ribot yells in his own defense, "Keep away from me with your metaphor") is pretension at its best.

Christa

STEREOLAB
Cobra and Phases Group Play Voltage in the Milky Night
(Elektra)
Many critics feel that **Stereolab** will define the '90s like the **Velvet Underground** defines the '60s, **Kraftwerk** the '70s, and the **Smiths** the '80s. This will be Stereolab's last record for this decade and it comes with the birth of a son, the result of a spare moment shared by founding members/life partners Laetitia Sadier and Tim Gane. The Internet has been ticking with debate surrounding *Cobra and Phases Group*... since before its release.

The majority of this debate stemmed not from the album itself but from a path not taken after the release of their 1996 *Emperor Tomato Ketchup*. There were two ways of hearing this disc, either as airy euro-funk or as densely layered pomo lounge. Stereolab went with the latter route and arrived at 1997's *Dots and Loops*, which has been described as overworked valium disco by some and as inclusive musical zeitgeist by others. Those in the former camp are unhappy with *Cobra and Phases Group*.

Admittedly, *Emperor Tomato Ketchup* was a great album. Its simpler bits, such as the bass riff/saxophone ending of "Percolator," had a catchiness that was both physically infectious and effortlessly hip. But it was not a diverse sound. If they had stuck with this path it would have only been a matter of time before Stereolab started sounding like EuroDisney's version of **Sly and the Family Stone**. A great thing about Stereolab is being able to trace their eight-year crawl from Westernized Krautrock to a '60s road movie soundtrack featuring Gilberto-style vocals and Esquivelian musical intelligence. The group is obviously on top of our decade's revolution in electronica, dance music, and dance culture. People who do not appreciate Stereolab's chosen way simply want to cap their legacy by seeing it self-destruct, as did the **Prodigy** when they decided to become rock stars. Stereolab took the *Dots and Loops* direction further by adding more acoustic instruments and recording with a *more live sound. The group has* also learned to enjoy dissonance again, as in their 1993 *Transient Random Noise Bursts with Announcements*. Few ensembles will include string arrangements, theremin, and a cacophonous, rock guitar meltdown in the same song. Stereolab did and the track is called "Italian Shoes Continuum." There's simply a remarkable vocabulary at work in their latest disc. The guitar has its place again. The production is slick without a plastic feel. It's intimate while retaining Stereolab's unique sense of mission. Sometimes listeners can actually hear the musicians making eye contact during the recording. Such diversity threatens lazy minds. Such people have said this disc is too long, which is like complaining about an open bar.

Cobra and Phases Group Play Voltage in the Milky Night is a lengthy disc with a lengthy name and is breathtaking. Sadier, Gane, and team have ended their decade perfectly. Those who don't love *Cobra and Phases*... will pretend they did ten years from now in order to save face. Its place in history is inevitable.

John Keillor

TWILIGHT CIRCUS SOUND SYSTEM
Horsie
(M)
Imagine that you are sitting in an Amsterdam Café at the World Marijuana Finals, that BC has just won, and that providing music for the stone-bake afternoon session is none other than Vancouver, BC born and Amsterdam-transplanted Ryan Moore, aka the brains and conductor and general founder of M Records, who basically *is* the **Twilight Circus Sound System**, and although you seem relatively content and at peace with the world and all general things, when Moore and co. come on you turn into one giant puddle that can do nothing more than try to dazedly comprehend the melding dub acoustic beats merging from the speakers to your ears and taking over your mind.

One of those days, and Moore makes that sort of music.

Moore's bio is a who's who of the Vancouver late-'80s music scene: from working with **cEvin Key**, **Skinny Puppy** et al., he's also been the house bassist for Nettwerk's **Sarah McLachlan** and has toured and collaborated with **Tippy Agogo** and Mark Spybey (of **Dead Voices On Air**). On the international scene, Moore has been a part of the Netherland's cult psychedelic band the **Legendary Pink Dots** for the last 10 years and played bass for **Muslimgauze** and **Single Gun Theory**, among many others.

With this sort of musicality behind him, it is no wonder that his most recent dub project, *Horsie*, is the sort of listen that sucks you in prima facie and then steadily reveals spasmodically-created layers of aural exploration in the carefully constructed, stripped dub sounds. At once musical and melodic, yet full of percussion, this dub sound is personified in the never-quite-achieves-a-full-funk-groove of "Dance," full of (or should I say "spare of") echoing piano riffs and a solid bassline to keep your mind somewhat planted as you consider your imitation-'60s Bob Marley posters, as the music drifts languidly on into "Horsie," a seminal piece that catapults dub into an evolving slow-jazz structure. As you complete the album, and realise that *Dub Plates Vol. 2*, a new TCSS album that is being done at the infamous Basic Channel/Chain Reaction pressing plant, the mind completes the circle and realises the spiral Moore has created. With *In Dub Vol. 1*, Moore created a dj-friendly dub album that was a reinterpretation of the Jamaican dub sound, just as electronica-contemporaries **Maurizio** and **Mike Ink** were doing the same with analogue studio gear. Now, Moore reinterprets Maurizio's Basic Channel/Chain Reaction sound back into acoustic mediums — leaving the listener with a conspiracy-channel-spiral that any true Amsterdam Café aficionado will much appreciate.

Tobias

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Deep River of Song — Mississippi: Saints and Sinners
(Rounder)
Quite possibly the best CD re-release project of all time, the Alan Lomax Collection is an archive of rare field recordings originally made for the Archive of American Folk Song at the Library of Congress with the intent of preserving the music of some amazing musicians, some of whom never recorded for a label or played outside their neighbourhoods. From 1933 to 1942 **Alan Lomax** and his father **John Lomax** made over a thousand recordings of African-American musicians from the American South, Southwest, Haiti and the Bahamas playing on front porches, in juke joints, at the local store, wherever. Eventually, Alan Lomax compiled the material into 12 albums, which are now being released on Rounder. *Mississippi: Saints and Sinners* is the companion installment to *Mississippi: the Blues Lineage*, and highlights folk traditions like work songs from the farms, prisons, riverboats and levee camps, songs adopted from white Anglo folk music, early blues, and spirituals.

These are rural recordings, and so the music speaks of the reality of rural life in the '30s and '40s — hard work, poverty, racism, love, lust, violence, sin, and redemption. There are traditional songs like **Lucious Curtis** playing "Stagolee" ("that bad man") and **Frank Evans** playing "French Blues," as well as original tunes like **Big Charlie Butler**'s "It's Better To Be Born Lucky" and "Workin' on the Levee, Sleeping on the Ground" by **Jim Henry**. One rare find on

this album is **Sid Hemphill**, grandfather of **Jesse Mae Hemphill**, playing quills (a relative of panpipes) on "Emmaline Take Your Time"; and "Hog Hunt," where he re-enacts the sounds of trying to catch an escaped hog. Fans of early gospel will appreciate the God-fearing sounds of **Henry Joiner** and group and **Reverend C.H. Savage** and group.

Musically, this collection clearly demonstrates the blues idiom in its formative years, with the influences of African and Anglo musical traditions melding into a unique sound. Lomax called the recordings "a monument to the extraordinary creativity of the black people of North America," although pretty much all modern forms of blues, jazz, rock and hip hop can be considered part of that monument. *Deep River of Song* is one of the few documents of the times past, and the music is as relevant now as it ever was.

Anna Friz

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The New Women's Music Sampler
(Mr. Lady)

When someone offers me a "music sampler," I usually cringe. Images of Chris Shepard dart through my head. *The New Women's Music Sampler*, put out by Mr. Lady, has changed my thinking. It rocks my little red shoes off. It ain't all rock and roll, though — some of the best tracks are sad little numbers that remind me a little of the soundtrack for *Party of Five*, but in a good way. There's something really healthy about listening to sad music — namely **Doria Roberts**' "Perfect." Other contributers to the collection include the **Butchies**, the **Need**, and **Sar_'s Dougher**. If you like girls and their voices, there's bound to be something on this CD that will move you within. It sounds cheesy, but that's what music samplers are. One thing's for sure: I'm going back for more.

Erin Shaw

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Projector: Another Yoyo Studio Compilation
(Yoyo)

Pat Maley's got the mad hook-up. Where does he find all these cool musicians to fill his compilations with? He must live in nerdy folk-pop girl central, right around the corner from innovative electro school and the weird- rockin' convenience mart. Oh wait, he's in Olympia, the place where good ideas are too plentiful to capture on one compilation. I believe Mr. Maley leaves his studio only to discover new bands to record with, and in doing so, leads a very good life. Most compilations have a couple of good songs — this one's got a few bad ones. Nice to reverse the norm for once. I was delighted to get a new **Little Red Car Wreck** song, and the **Get The Hell Out Of The Way Of The Volcano** song was so much in the same vein that it has quickly and completely endeared itself to me. There is a nice **IQU** remix on here, and lots of cute songs from nerdy girls and boys. I didn't ever make it to the end of this in one sitting (22 songs! good value!), but I've heard I didn't miss much with the **Loud Machine 0.5**. Nice artwork on here, too. This record makes me sad that I didn't go to the festival this past summer.

Julie Colero

VEAL
Tilt O'Whirl
(Square Dog)
LONNIE JAMES
Dee-O
(Scratch/Teenage USA)

I originally planned to review both of these albums independently, until I realised that my review for each one was going to be almost identical (with some slight variations), so here goes:

Veal's second full-length and **Lonnie James**' solo debut are solid examples of no-nonsense power pop albums. The musicianship is tight and flawless. A good mix of hard pop-rock tunes and soft, quirky ballads on both albums. The songs, for the most part, are melodic and hummable, almost to a fault. Tons of harmonies, both musical and vocal... in other words, lotsa "doo doo"s, "la la"s, and "ooh ooh"s. In short, both albums would have the ability to make it onto local mainstream radio, if they were marketed properly.

The only difference is that Vancouver's Veal, as was first shown on its 1998 debut *Hot Loser*, is a band that is not afraid to go out on a limb and try the odd experimentation with back-masked drums and juiced guitars, whereas Nova Scotia's Lonnie James, who did a stint as guitarist with the **Superfriendz** prior to their breakup two years ago, plays straight-ahead '70s-influenced pop with no real experimentation (excepting some studio noodling). This is a shame, considering Scratch Records' reputation for getting involved in eclectic and weird projects. Nevertheless, these are two great releases that leave this reviewer with a similar taste in his ears.

Spike

ZAP MAMA
À Ma Zone
(Virgin)

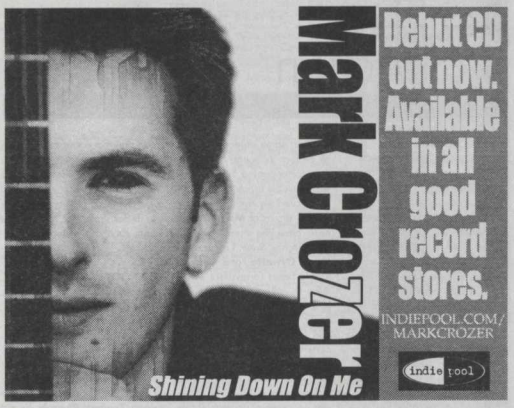
This album is all about voices — in particular the smooth, liquid vocals of Marie Daulne. It even says so in the liner notes: "**Zap Mama** is Marie." That means she is not some stereotypical pretty face with a great voice; she is also the writer, producer and the creative impetus behind Zap Mama. Together with her co-queens of acapella, Zap Mama mixes it up with the addition of hip-hop, drum and bass, and soul beats to build a groove around the singers that is mostly irresistible. Though I'm usually suspicious of that trendy world-beat trick of mixing hip hop and traditional music, this album succeeds, with the help of the **Roots**, **This Kid Named Miles**, and **Speech**. My favourite is "Gbo Mata" — a song about playing video games — although the opening track, featuring **Manu Dibango**, is catchy enough to glue the CD in the stereo.

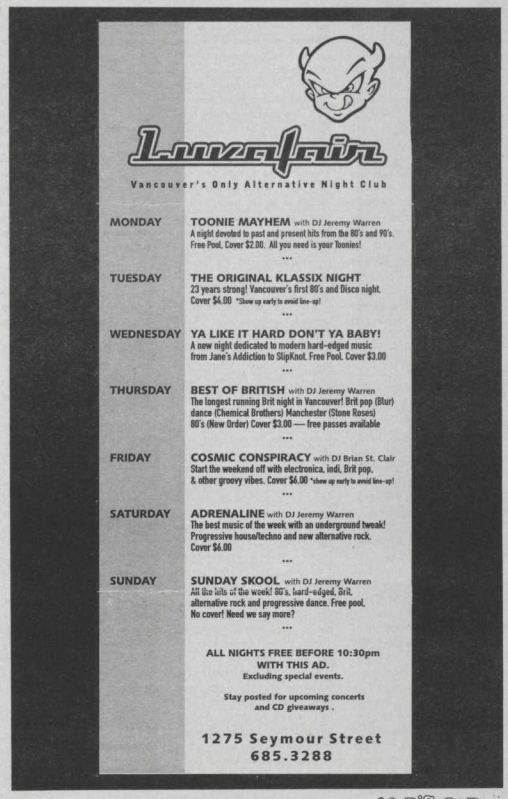
This is a pretty slick production, which is to be expected from a Virgin release. But, despite a couple of generic tunes, *À Ma Zone* is lush and delicious food for ears hungry to hear women in music that ain't no Lilith Fair crapola.

Anna Friz

What we listened to...

le tigre (over and over and over) • u-ziq • ornette coleman • kiss • the faint • tribe called quest • joel r.l. phelps • iron maiden • v/a *everything is nice* • v/a *buffy the vampire slayer* (briefly) • psychic tv • lung leg • my bloody valentine • trooper • cocteau twins (bbc sessions) • reducers sf • dj vadim • and stuff





Real Live Action

LIVE MUSIC REVIEWS

SUPERCHUNK
CLOSED CAPTION RADIO
Friday, September 17
Starfish Room

This was a lovely, compact bill: **Closed Caption Radio** and **Superchunk**, with no lame, pitied third band to mar the night. CCR kicked ass as usual, showcasing new material from their upcoming album. Yum, yum. Superchunk rocked the 'Fish with their usual confidence. The Chunklets stuck to new material off of the Jim O'Rourke-produced *Come Pick Me Up* (a divine release) and also dug into some earlier tunes including "Fishing" and "Why Do You Have To Put a Date On Everything" (a high point for my companion, Meat). And was I ever a Shocked Sheila when I saw with my own eyes that all the sweet, high-pitched singing from the new album was actually Mac McCaughan and *not* gorgeous bass goddess Laura Ballance! I love gender mind-fucks. Superchunk put a lot of sweat into their set, and also had special famous guest musician Matt Sharp, bassist for **Archers of Loaf**, playing acoustic guitar — off-stage, to the right...right in front of where Meat and I stood! The audience, as usual, was aloof, quiet, and typical of Vancouver. I really liked my first Superchunk concert, but Meat didn't, so he got drunk and angry with me.

Hancunt

KOOL KEITH
DJ SPOOKY
Sunday, September 19
Richard's

Oh, the shenanigans.

Where to start? We waited an hour (at least) in a ticket holders' lineup until being let into the Dick house at 10:45. Whatever, I guess it can't be helped. But it was a Sunday in Vancouver, OK, so you know we were outta there by 12:30. So glad we didn't pay for our tickets. And, to tell you the truth, after the pathetic display that was **Kool Keith** we were happy to leave. But first, let me praise **DJ** "don't AKA me, motherfuckin' tryhards" **Spooky** for such a gorgeous, although brief, set. Spooky created imaginative sonic landscapes which incorporated his own instrumental playing, including an electric upright bass and a thumb organ. Beats and loops and samples mixed with the instrumentation, some familiar, some unrecognizable, all perfect. Although the visuals that accompanied Spooky's set were suitably trippy and hypnotic, I closed my eyes upon hearing the strains of **Miles Davis**' horn blow the opening notes from *Bitches' Brew*. I focused on Miles, **Ornette**, and many of jazz's finest innovators swimming in millennium electronica from one of turntablism's finest. Sorry, but Kool Keith was kind of sad. I am so sick of hip-hop concerts where they ask you over and over again to give it up, feed their fuckin' egos, for no fucking reason. Give me a reason to scream uncontrollably about you and I will. Why not put on a really good show, like **Rhazel**, who stood in the same spot as Kool Wank only a month ago. He didn't need to whine for applause because his incredible demonstration of talent demanded it. Are you taking notes, Kool Keith? No, just get on stage with your tired schtick as some dork in a hockey mask running around, trying to stage dive, and then pelt us with shriveled chicken bits in plastic baggies and porno mags (which could be interpreted as a brilliant metaphorical comment on pornography and it's dependence on a ravenous, sick consumer society but I FUCKING DOUBT IT!). Everyone I talked to agreed unanimously: Kool Keith's DJ sucked hard. He just put the needle on the record and then stood back. What's the fucking point? Perhaps Kool Keith recognized that his mediocre rapping (regardless of his recorded brilliance and individual style, he was flat live, OK?) would be upstaged by any DJ with more than mediocre talents, so he got this guy. I dunno. The hilarity reached its greatest height when the rappers onstage asked for some girls to come join them. After much coaxing, they finally got some very reluctant Yaletown types on stage, who looked extremely embarrassed, yet were too indoctrinated by their patriarchal conditioning to not go along with an attempted display of their booty. Robotic. Oh, the shenanigans. Then one of Keith's entourage informed the bored audience at the end of the show that a Dick's on Dicks bouncer beat the shit out of some guy that they hauled offstage. This announcement barely got a reaction from the bored audience. But it did happen, and I can only hope that the bouncer was fired, and that the promoter thinks twice before he books another show at Dick's. I doubt it, though, as hip-hop continues to demonstrate that, for the most part, it's about the money.

MC Super Cunt

30 FOOT FALL
THE RETREADS
Saturday, September 25
Brickyard

Oh, how I longed for this show. It seemed too good to be true: two of the world's finest punk bands playing Vancouver in successive weeks? Alas, it was too good. **Frenzal Rhomb** did not play, so I waited with baited breath until **30 Foot Fall** took the stage. They might have broken an arm walking up to it, for all I knew.

Rushing to the bar to ensure I wouldn't miss 'em, I actually arrived 45 minutes before the **Retreads** played. This being the first time I had ever seen them, I was quite impressed. They are indeed a Spawner band, no mistaking that, as they have that we-wanna-be-on-Fat tone to them but, like **Complete**, they stand out. Turns out Complete is the singer's other band. There you go.

So, 30 Foot Fall did make the stage okay. Starting with "Constipation" and "Urine Nation," they stated their politics right off the bat: absolutely no politics. Oh, how I miss such bands in today's all-too-serious punk scene. Butch is the singer's name. And move over Nardwuar, this man is entertainment personified. He danced, he shook, he boogied, he stripped, he spent more time on the floor than the stage. And this man's voice is unparalleled — my own would have rasped beyond coherence after two or three songs. His was still conversational after 20 or 30. I am in awe.

I'll be frank. If you missed this show, buddy, you missed out big time. This review is somewhat incomplete, because I didn't stay for **Straight Faced**. What could have possibly topped what I'd just seen? This may well be the best show I have ever attended. No shit.

Trevor Fielding

TRICKY
Monday, September 27
Rage

My favourite coffee-slinging sex god turned to me, half way through the **Tricky** show, face deadpan (looking gorgeous, of course) and said, "Thirty bucks for a fucking ticket. You'd think it'd kill him to turn around?" I knew then what type of review the show was going to get.

I don't care if you're a musical genius, a recluse or just a "private person": if you sign to a major international label, if you decide to do a tour across North America for months, you can't hide behind a speaker in a dark room and expect people who've paid a lot of money to see you to sit back and enjoy themselves.

Sure the music, sound, and guests were great. It was a much harder show than previous ones I have seen, and at times much more hard-core electronica than on his albums, but I could have put on his new album and turned off all my lights if I wanted that experience.

His back-up singer, stunning in both her stage presence and her voice, was the only attractive thing about the show. She lounged to the side, looking ethereal, or stood centre-stage and belted out some of his older songs (like "Karmacoma"). But Tricky, oh Tricky, he had his back to the audience half the time. The rest of the time, he was unlit and hidden behind a speaker. His entire interaction with the audience was a mumbled "thank you thank you thank you" spoken after every second or third song.

I, personally, don't go to shows to see that sort of behaviour. I can get it at home if I want it. I'm not saying everyone has to have the Cirque De Soleil come and perform naked and on fire to make a good show. But I do want the performer to realise that she/he is singing to specific set of individuals, not just a dark room. Tricky, sadly, failed in keeping a fan interested.

Anthony Monday

TAKÁCS STRING QUARTET
Tuesday, September 28
Vancouver Playhouse

It's wonderful that we Vancouverites have such fine local talent and attract exemplary outside players as well. The **Takács String Quartet** is the real deal: when this standard-setting ensemble comes to town, the critical ears of industry and serious listeners are sure to be there in rapt attendance. Perhaps this accounts for the group's hesitations in their opening of Bartok's 1928 fourth quartet. It was not until the third movement that they seemed to agree on balances. The rhythms seemed uncertain as well, as if they were too concerned with keeping together at high speeds to let the music flow naturally.

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NOVEMBER LISTINGS

MONDAY, NOV. 1
UZ JSME DOMA
THE LIARS
SINGLESEVEN
TUESDAY, NOV. 2
FLASHING LIGHTS
LOCAL RABBITS
DIRTMITTS
CLOVER HONEY
SUNDAY, NOV. 7
LES SAVY FAV
TUESDAY, NOV. 9
TEAGAN & SARA
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10
CRITTERS BUGGIN
FRIDAY, NOV. 12
BUZZCOCKS
DOWN BY LAW
LUNACHICKS
SATURDAY, NOV. 13
ARCHER PREWITT
SUNDAY, NOV. 14
MATTHEW SWEET
MONDAY, NOV. 15
GUSTER
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17
PEDRO THE LION
DAMIEN JURADO
SWANK O'HARA
THURSDAY, NOV. 18
MARCY PLAYGOUND
BLINKER THE STAR
FRIDAY, NOV. 19
PLANET SMASHERS
KINGPINS
UNDERCOVERS
SATURDAY, NOV. 20
ISOTOPE 217
THURSDAY, NOV. 25
KILT
FRIDAY, NOV. 26
SUSANA BACA
SATURDAY, NOV. 27
TRICKY WOO

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M 01 the beans
T 02 * no-name jazz band
W 03 dogfight— turntable benefit party sponsored by olis records on davies
Th 04 phonique— todd tomorrow + my seven
F 05 reflector— marc wilde
S 06 jeet k da tripmaster
S 07 * hq communic-ation downtempo
M 10 tiefisher w/lilly frost
T 11 Mortal engine
W 12 under the table -howard roark + otaku concept mixing + sleazy jazz
Th 13 the deafaids
F 14
S 15 the beans need we say more
M 17 losparanos
T 18 its a comedy night- we'll see how it goes over
W 19
Th 20 diversions vancouvers answer to trevor k
F 21
S 22 the beans we just came...
M 24 John Korsrud Jazz quintet
T 25 Ken Aldecroft trio - jazz
W 26 under the table jazzy excursions
Th 27 the hatless chaps -johnny cash on acid

December 03
Friday - catch the jades, 230 years of experience rocking the house in a frank sinatra kinda way

Bartok's quartets are among the most difficult to perform and whatever problems the group was experiencing were hammered out on stage. By the third movement everything seemed effortless and the audience was stunned into silence, entirely attentive, and richly rewarded. The first half was completed with the fourth of Haydn's 1772 "Sun" quartets, Op. 20. This was one of the most perfect performances that this critic can recall. The same can be said for the second half, featuring the first of Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartets from 1806. Performances like this remind us what all the fuss surrounding old music is about; we're in love with the works rather than the age. The audience then got a movement from a quartet from Beethoven's very deaf late period, his Op. 130, after five curtain calls. If there's an afterlife worth attending, it's something like that.

John Keillor

STANDING WAVE: *Local Time*
Thursday, September 30
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Standing Wave's season opener was a burst of sensitivity and heart. The ensemble appeared rested and enthusiastic. They kicked off with **James Beckwith Maxwell**'s 1999 *Forberen*, a work that carves the composer's name into the listener's memory. *Forberen* is a rich quartet, filled with techniques eliciting unconventional sounds to compliment the music's abstract narrative. Some composers have found it easier to simply string together unconventional sounds and call that collection of sounds a piece of music, often legitimizing this compositional method with the label "etude." Conversely, Maxwell elected to tell a tight, dramatic tale requiring a large vocabulary to illustrate romantic tension. The ensemble had no trouble with the extended techniques and stunningly reflected the composer's vision.

Itmar Erez's 1999 *Ritornello 1* pluckily followed, featuring charismatic percussionist **Lauri Lyster** on the Udu, a Nigerian percussion instrument that resembles a rounded wine gourd. A consistent rhythmic motif went through myriad colour contexts varying from interesting to beautiful. African and Middle Eastern influences imparted some exotic ambience to *Ritornello 1*, lending weight to the impression it left on the listener. **Keith Hamel**'s *Refraction*, from 1991, ended the concert's first half with a trio for piano, clarinet and violin. Its shape was not always striking, but its reversal of instrumental accompaniment — frequently demanding that the clarinet and violin support the piano — slyly refers to the second movement of Webern's Concerto, Op. 24, which did much the same thing.

The concert's second half began with **Jacqueline Leggatt**'s *Raido*, a 1999 duet for cello and clarinet. Only three minutes long, *Raido* was inspired by Viking runes, but comes off as something gentler than anything remotely martial. This critic found an extra-musical association with the cummings line *"until the small, clumsy feet of april came-into the ragged meadow of my soul." Raido* was gentle and lovely, neither kitschy nor soul shaking. **Bradshaw Pack**'s 1997 piece *the earth for you a Standing place* was more forceful and sinuous, featuring a strummed cello introduction, perhaps indicative of a troubadour's musical preamble. The instruments eventually followed and surrounded the cello, creating tension and depth of narrative without programmatic pretension. Its exposition was distinct; rather than transparently spelling out basic materials to be developed, Pack offered a mystery to be explored. *The earth for you a Standing place* was strenuously involving and genuinely beautiful.

The concert concluded with **Brent Lee**'s 1998 *Ribbons of Visible Air*, and featured **Francois Houle** on soprano saxophone and an amplified Standing Wave ensemble. This was a lyrical, pretty work that resembled light electric jazz. It was a nice way to unwind after a fine show. The Vancouver East Cultural Centre is a great venue for new music, featuring good acoustics, enough seating, and an alert bar staff. Standing Wave has a wonderful season planned, so make time to be entertained.

John Keillor

FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE
Sunday, October 3
Chameleon Lounge

When I think of **Fantastic Plastic Machine**, all the connotations of "pop" that one can imagine come to mind — all the bubble bursts and all the shiny happy tunes and all the sweet saccharine tastiness of soda.

Sunday night was like walking into a pop factory; everything bubbled, sparkled, made you want to jump and sing along. At the same time, you felt like sitting down and chair-grooving with a soda in your hand. Either way, Tomoyuki Tanaka (AKA Fantastic Plastic Machine) gallumphed around the turntables at the far end of the room, making everyone happy little pop-bubbles in his world.

Tanaka has a long history in the turn-table world, his previous claim to fame has been working with **Deee-Lite** (he played their opus "Groove Is In The Heart" and proved that, apparently, it is).

His visuals were perhaps the second best thing about the show (the first being the general all around pop-ness). They were sort of the same genre as the cartoons in **Pink Floyd**'s "The Wall," but happy. That's H-A-P-P-Y. Imagine the Muppets on E — *that sort of thing. The 2 metre by 2 metre screen* hanging behind Tanaka was continuously filled with primary-coloured little balls, or images of beautiful cartoon babes orbiting around a grinning cartoon Tanaka.

The whole evening came to a crux, for me, in his rendition of **Eurythmics**' "Talking to an Angel." Perhaps better than the original. Only **Annie Lennox** could say for sure.

The whole experience was made of yummy things. If you haven't picked up FPM, do. You'll thank me in the long run.

Anthony Monday

CHEMICAL BROTHERS
JAMES HOLROYD
DJ SHADOW
VELVET
Wednesday, October 6
PNE Forum

What evil lurks in the hearts of men? **DJ Shadow** knows, and throws down moldy breaks of terse toms, boombastic bass, and relapsing rides all itching for a scratch with more flavour than a pumpkin patch. Shadow carved a niche in my ear drum, serving phat platters of aural soul food smothered with heart-beat gravy.

Sadly, the Forum was chosen for this quadruple-billed platypus. Let it be said that the Forum should be used as a hockey rink as it was intended.

The first act, **Velvet**, was loud and had vinyl for sale at the swag stand.

Second phase, DJ Shadow took the wheels of steel for a ride. I had to smile when he gave props to a thrift store (a regular stomping ground for us starving DJs). Shadow displayed his skills as a capable beat juggler and remixer of fab party time favs such as "The Number Song" and the beautiful "Midnight in a Perfect World." Under the flashing lights he resembled an **Afrika Bambaata** clone — cleverly mixing records of any style into soundtracks taking beat-digging archaeologists on a journey to the centre of the earth, excavating broken bones and musings of an ancient beat civilisation long forgotten. How else but by the nimble fingers and imagination of this beat kleptomaniac would such sounds be heard across the universe for 55 minutes of non-stop kookiness?

James Holroyd spun house for 30 minutes too long before the **Chemical Brothers** took the stage.

Too loud, too late — I left the venue.

Morgan Tanner

AUDUBON QUARTET AND FRIENDS: *String Sextets of Johannes Brahms*
Tuesday, October 12
Vancouver Playhouse

Johannes Brahms (1833-97) was not a typical German Romantic composer in that he was never caught up in the ecstatic rapture of his own genius. His music had a sober integrity precluding whims and temper tantrums. However, the second work was written when Brahms was experiencing a relationship crisis. These two sextets, written during differing emotional circumstances for the composer, offer a compelling aesthetic profile.

The first sextet, Op.18, was written 1859-60. Life was good for Brahms and his disciplined, long breathed melodies worked well into robust counterpoint. Brahms' elegant and unwavering control over the material is a primary expressive factor, more in common with Mozart's late 18th century than Wagner's 19th century and its music's wilder nature. Brahms admitted he should have been born a hundred years previously; he was more Classical than Romantic.

The Op.36 "Agathe" sextet, completed in 1865, exposed Brahms' discomfort with free Romantic expression. Having painfully terminated his relationship with Agathe von Siebold, his musical testimony to his loss was both less assured in execution and perhaps more compelling in elocution. The inner movements were rife with melodies in high registers, not normally part of Brahms' musical language. They sound almost clumsy and very honest, like a tough, laconic man trying hard to talk about his feelings. Brahms was a composer who expressed music rather than himself, which is why his second sextet's particular beauty is unique to his output. Even those who do not know Brahms' music intimately can recognize his distinct composure, which is dignified without any trappings of an affected aristocratic grace. He also refused to reflect the soul of the tortured genius. That was not for him. Brahms was an unpretentious and hard working composer with little interest in the glamour that surrounded 19th century music. His music rarely got "personal" because for him music was better when it was free of an artist's fingerprints of neurosis.

The Audubon Quartet — along with Erika Eckert on viola and Walter Gray on cello — had no problem uncovering the magic of both sextets. They knew how to bring out soaring Romantic registers and anticipations as well as balances and Classical poise. Programming both works translated to an effective dramatic curve. The second sextet positively ached, while the first sextet was more indicative of the composer's stiff upper lip. *The enthusiastic and sympathetic* ensemble brought on a program that gave listeners a rounded portrait of a great and very human composer. The acoustics at the Vancouver Playhouse were excellent as usual, and the crowd was as good as a listener or performer could hope for.

John Keillor

DEL THA FUNKY HOMOSAPIEN
CASUAL
UGLY DUCKLING
Sunday, October 17
Richard's

Del Tha Funky Homosapien, powers activated when the spirit hits the stage, my friend there's no need for alarm. Breakers from intersecting dimensional darkness emerged with light bending moves expanding the culture as the stylus grooves.

First up, the LA triad of **Ugly Duckling**: backbeats dropped by Young Einstein got the two emcees' synergy flowin'. Next in line, **Casual** maintained an underground train through an ocean of pleasure and throbbing membrane pain. The Cas' bellow and free-style flow won the crowd's jiggy Jell-O joy. Jay-Biz provided the heartbeats, gravy, and cutlets to make us shake our butts.

All set and stoked like an arsonist to a match, Del opened the hatch to the funk trunk. Elevating the verb through the ceiling to the Mothership, truth revealing, congealing with the beats, embracing the feeling. The show included interludes from a local DJ who kept the night's underground vibe alive, lacing the joint nicely with dope beats and lyrics. Del announced the release of his new 12" *Phoney Phranchise* and the upcoming LP *Both Sides of the Brain*, slated for release in February. The jet skills set ended with a high energy lick from **Third Eye Vision**. The show lasted from nine o'clock until midnight with beats that take flight and lyrics that enlighten and, as Del proclaimed so poetically, "the future is now."

Morgan Tanner

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•NOVEMBER•

Wednesday 3rd $5 9:30pm
THE EARTHQUAKE PILLS
NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND
THE ORCHID HIGHWAY

Thursday 4th $5 9:30pm
THE ROCKETFINS
HANDSOME DEVILS
PLUS GUESTS

Friday 5th $10 9:30pm
THE MURDER CITY DEVILS
THE COME-ONS
THE CATHETERS
RIFF RANDELS

Saturday 6th $7 10:30pm
JOEL R.L. PHELPS
JERK WITH A BOMB
SLOW FRESH OIL
THE BIRTHDAY MACHINE

Wednesday 10th $5 9:30pm
THE ROSWELLS
CINDERPOP
SOLARBABY

Thursday 11th $5 9:30pm
OCEAN 3
SABUMLAUTS

Friday 12th $6 10:20pm
THE SADDLESORES
RICH HOPE
PLUS GUESTS

Saturday 13th $6 10:30pm
RADIO BERLIN
HOT HOT HEAT
THE SWITCH

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Sunday 14th $6 8:45pm
INK AND DAGGER
ICARUS LINE
BLUE BIRD
Monday 15 $7 8:45pm
GRADE
BANE
ALL STATE CHAMPION

Wednesday 17th $5 10:30pm
CHOKE
REMOVAL

Thursday 18th $5 10:00pm
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ARTSHOW OPENING
WITH
THE PROBES
DJ AUDIOWHORE

Friday 19th $6 10:30pm
JOE PARTY PRESENTS...
VILLAGE IDIOT
DREXLE'S EYE
SOMATIC

Saturday 20th $12 10:30pm
THE MUFFS
GROOVIE GHOULIES
HISSY FIT

Wednesday 24th $5 9:30pm
JET SET
NEW ELECTRIC RIOT
SIOBHAN DUVALL

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SATURDAY 27 - TBA

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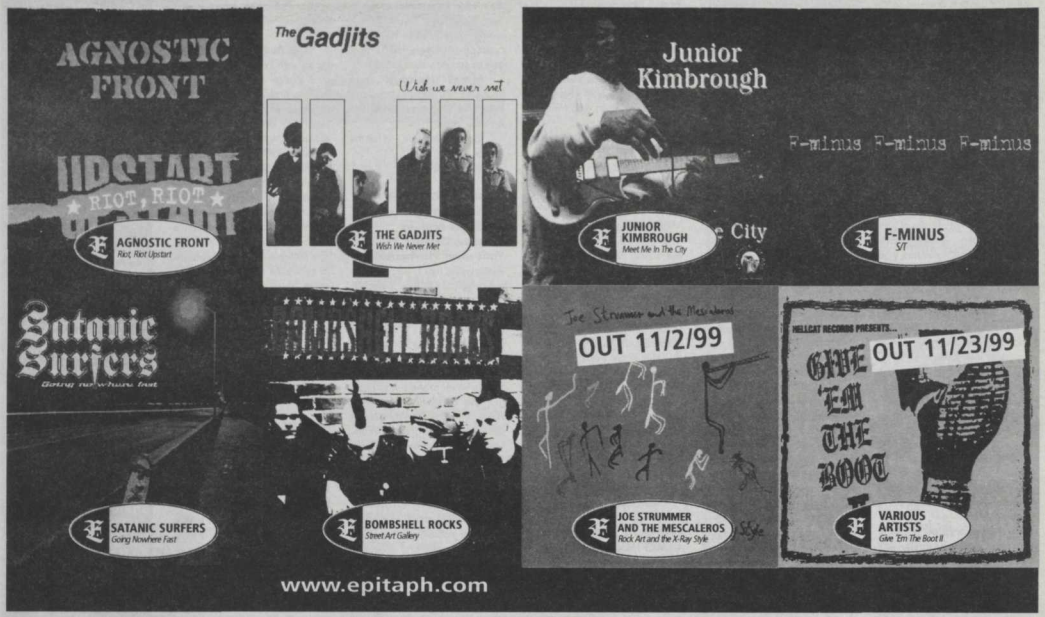

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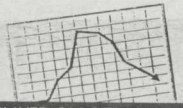


WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON CiTR 101.9 FM

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "November" charts reflect airplay over October). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts"•

october long vinyl

1	joel r.l. phelps	blackbird	pacifico
2	jerk with a bomb	death to false metal	seven segment
3	fly pan am	s/t	constellation
4	cocteau twins	bbc sessions	ryko
5	various artists	metro breaks '99	nice + smooth
6	air	premiers symptomes	astralwerks
7	westbam	we'll never stop living this way	mute
8	stereolab	cobra and phases...	elektra
9	sadies	pure diamond gold	bloodshot
10	solex	pick up	matador
11	flashlight	running season	double a
12	iqu w/miranda july	girls on dates	k
13	u-ziq	royal astronomy	astralwerks
14	jack kerouac	reads on the road	ryko
15	unwound	a single history	kill rock stars
16	veda hille	you do not live...	independent
17	magnetic fields	69 love songs	merge
18	julie doiron	& wooden stars	sappy
19	third sex	back to go	chainsaw
20	kool keith	lost in space	ruffhouse
21	the pietasters	awesome mix tape	hellcat
22	new bomb turks	the big combo	drop kick
23	peshay	miles from home	blue
24	sloan	between the bridges	murder
25	lonnie james	dee-o	scratch/teenage usa
26	billy bragg	reaching...	universal
27	kelly joe phelps	shine eyed mister zen	ryko
28	promise ring	very emergency	jade tree
29	supersuckers	greatest rock 'n' roll...	sub pop
30	selina martin	space woman	selma
31	blackie & the rodeo kings	kings of love	true north
32	reverberators	s/t	independent
33	various artists	all points in	sweet chin
34	alexandre st-onge	image/negation	alien8
35	wooden stars	the moon	matlock

october short vinyl

1	kamikazes	all-night cram session	zaxxon virile action
2	piggy	calypsos to please...	cinnamon toast
3	huevos rancheros	wild turkey surprise!	mint
4	tentacles	the touch	k
5	wontons	extra spicy!	peek-a-boo
6	essex green	s/t	sudden shame
7	smash up derby	blow all the hell!	zaxxon virile action
8	spitfires	slick black cat	junk
9	all girl summer fun band	s/t	magic marker
10	cripples	so tired	smart guy
11	atombombpocketknife	fly vultures fly	file 13
12	sires	it ain't been...	smart guy
13	string builder	lake view	grimsey
14	catheters	the kids know how to rock	empty
15	readymade	the block alone	endearing
16	tricky woo	ten tons	bittersweet
17	north of america	bayonet point	montesano
18	lullaby for the ...	ebb & flow...	saddle creek
19	mates of state/fighter d	split	omnibus
20	thievery corporation	assault on babylon	4ad

october indie home jobs

1	david lester	the light changed before i could blink
2	pepper sands	so fine
3	hot hot heat	tourist in your own town
4	radio berlin	distance
5	mark	don't make me sorry
6	full sketch	soundtrack
7	the yachtsmen	catch that summer breeze
8	swank o'hara	no one has a clue but you
9	les saints	ta mere
10	coupon	in their sleep
11	quonset	desert blade
12	john ford	shitkicker
13	robert ian herre	go where you go
14	victorian pork	uh-oh
15	noxema girls	hollywood calling
16	sex in sweden	bridge and tunnel crowd
17	blisstones	sonora
18	(the) polo convoy	vincent's victory
19	the radio	kinder surprise
20	tampax twin	swampfoam

hans kloss' misery hour: favourites

wednesdays, midnight until three a.m.

smiths	louder than bombs
underworld	beaucoup fish
plastikman	locomotion
this mortal coil	filigree and shadow
opposition	intimacy
muslimgauze	betrayal
g.f. haendel	
le mystère des voix bulgares	
coil	love's secret domain
dead can dance	spleen and ideal
david sylvian	gone to earth

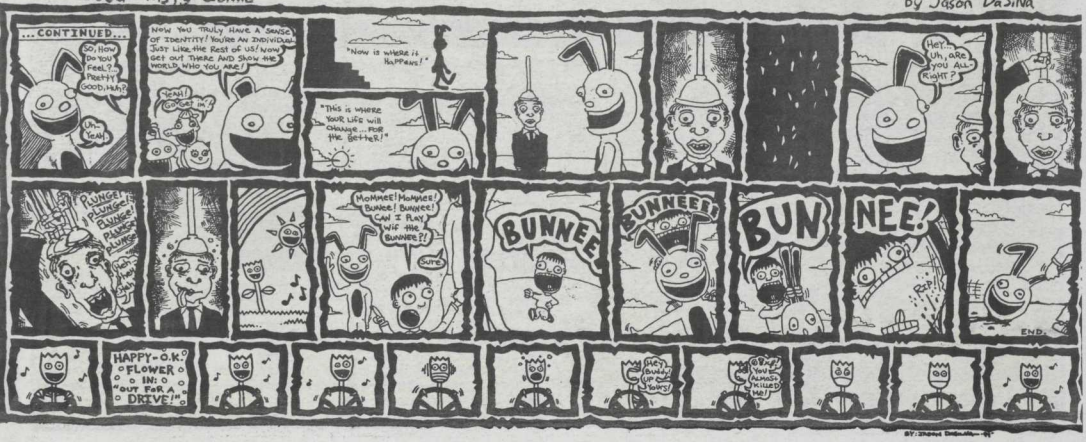
FOLK OASIS COOL TOP TEN!

WEDNESDAYS. NINE PM UNTIL TEN THIRTY

ron sexsmith	whereabouts
veda hille	you do not live in this world alone
blackie and the rodeo kings	kings of love
brave combo	polkasonic
those darn accordions!	clownhead
bocephus king	a small good thing
irene farrera	soy de ti
kelly joe phelps	shine eyed mister zen
zubot and dawson	strang
various artists	west coast world: a world music compilation from bc

Good Tasty Comic

by Jason DaSilva



On The Dial

YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CiTR 101.9fM

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caughtin-yer-boots country.

LIPGLOSS & CIGARETTES alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s sound-tracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the 1990s, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:30AM Strictly Hip-Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Checkmate, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:30-2:00AM Hip-hop and R&B with DJ Klutch, techno and house with DJ Decter. Latsa great tracks—come smell what we're cookin'! Stay up late and listen.

VIBE 2:00-6:30AM

MONDAYS

BLUEGRASS FOR BREAKFAST 6:30-8:00AM Join your hosts Master T Rudolph and Joe McLeod of the clan McLeod for a skillet-lickin' good olde tyme. The best in bluegrass and down-home groove.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:00AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

POP SCENE alt. 11:00-1:00PM

SOUPE DU JOUR 1:00-3:00PM Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.

A WALKABOUT THE WORLD 3:00-4:00PM

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

BIRDWATCHERS 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports department for their eye on the T-Birds.

POLYFILLER alt. 6:00-7:30PM

AUDIO VISUAL alt. 6:00-7:30PM Critical theory, debate and dialogue on art and culture, set to a soundtrack of breakbeat, worldbeat and other eclectic sounds.

PIRATE RADIO alt 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.

BABYLON AFTER SUPPER alt 7:30-9:00PM

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Nov 1: Celebrating his 71st year, pianist/composer Horace Silver's latest *Jazz Has A Sense of Humour*.

Nov 8: Boss trumpeter Joe Gordon with tenor saxist Charlie Rouse and drum king Art Blakey.

Nov 15: Trumpeter/composer and leader of the UBC Jazz Orchestra Fred Stride guests to present the music of Bill Holman.

Nov 22: *The Giants of Jazz in Concert*: Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, Thelonious Monk, Art Blakey and Al McKibbon.

Nov 29: Young piano heavy Benny Green and his trio: *These Are Soulful Days*.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:00AM

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SPORTS SHOW 6:00-8:00AM

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30- 11:30AM Torrid trash-rock, sleazy surf and pulsatin' punk provide the perfect scissor kick to your head every Tuesday

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM		vibe	MORNING SPORTS SHOW	BBC	first floor sound system	shadow at dawn	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	6AM
7	reggae linkup	BLUEGRASS FOR BREAKFAST		SUBURBAN JUNGLE	against all odds			7
8			WORLD HEAT			CAUGHT IN THE RED	The SATURDAY EDGE	8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS		filibuster	REEL MUSIC			9
10	are you serious? music		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM	SPIKES MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES	STAND AND BE CUNTED	SKA-T's SCENIC DRIVE		10
11		BLUE MONDAY/ pop scene	Tragic Animal Stories		CANADIAN LUNCH			11
12PM				the other table		THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SARAGAMA	12PM
1	Rockers Show	SOUPE DU JOUR	THE SELFISH SHOW	the shake	STEVE&MIKE		POWERCHORD	1
2				DJ in a coma	ONOMATOPOEIA	little twin stars		2
3		A WALKABOUT THE WORLD				MARYAUR	LUCKY SCRATCH	3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	EVIL VS. GOOD	HIPS TITS LIPS POWER	MOTORBADDY	RHYME & REASONS	BLACK NOIZ		4
5	Lipgloss & Cigarettes /Saint Tropez	BIRDWATCHERS	10,000 VOICES RADIO ACTIVE	RACHEL'S SONG	CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH REELS TO REAL	NOOZE & ARTS	Poetry	5
6	Queer FM	POLYFILLER/ AUDIO VISUAL	FLEX YOUR HEAD	rachel's song	OUT FOR KICKS	FarEastSide Sounds /AFRICAN RHYTHMS	RADIO FREE AMERICA	6
7		pirate radio/ babylon after supper	RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO	AND SOMETIMES WHY/ BY THE WAY	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR			7
8	HELLO INDIA		LA BOMBA				synoptic sandwich	8
9	GEETANJALI	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP/ WITCHDOCTOR_HIGHBALL	KOLE CAVE	Live from... THUNDERBIRD HELL	homebass		9
10	The Show			STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	COCKED & READY/ RADIO SATYRICON		SOUL TREE/ pipedreams	10
11								11
12AM	CHILL-OUT ROOM	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	Aural Tentacles	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR		SHITMIX		12AM
1					plutonian nights		TABLE TURN/ EARWAX	1
2								2
3								3
4	vibe	psychedelic airwaves	WEST COAST POPPIN	first floor sound system		THE MORNING AFTER SHOW		4
5							REGGAE LINKUP	5
6								6

morn. There's no second chance when Kung-Fu is used for evil with drunken frat Bryce. Killyaa!!

TRAGIC ANIMAL STORIES 11:30AM-1:00PM

THE SELFISH SHOW 1:00-2:00PM Poetry, piano and pretension.

BELT OUT THE BLUES 2:00-3:30PM Music for families and little people.

HIPS TITS LIPS POWER 3:30-5:00PM Featuring That Feminist Collective from CiTR.

10,000 VOICES 5:00-5:30PM Poetry, spoken word, etc.

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Activism, issues and fucking up the corporate powers that be.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.

LA BOMBA 9:00-10:00PM

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM "I'm currently on hiatus and will be back December 28the. See you then. loveden@hotmailcom

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-3:00AM

WEST COAST POPPIN' 3:00-6:00AM 100% west coast rap. Huge giveaways, with your host like no other Shawn Powers.

WEDNESDAYS

SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.

FILIBUSTER 9:00-10:00AM Mixed-up musik for your morning nod.

ELECTRIC AVENUES 10:00-11:00AM Once a month, the folks from Avenues spin their favourite tunes.

SPIKE'S MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES 10:00-12:00AM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

THE ETHER TABLE 12:00PM-1:00PM

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

DJ IN A COMA 2:00-3:00PM

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-7:30PM Nov 17th.: Mayoralty debate with David Cadman. Rebroadcast of Dr. Peters AIDS diaries. Philosopher's Café highlights.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleater-kinney, low, sushi ... these are a few of our fave-oh-writ things.

BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Featuring the latest local and international releases in folk/roots/world music, phone interviews, in-studio guests and more. Requests always welcomed!

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakkh de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAYS

AGAINST ALL ODDS 6:30-8:30AM

REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM Soundtracks and classical.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 10:00-11:30AM

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby. (hardcore).

ONOMATOPOEIA 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix oh yeah and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH 5:00-5:30PM

REELS TO REEL 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

COCKED AND READY alt. 11:00PM-1:

RADIO SATYRICON alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM Nocturnal transmissions/trip jazz. "Too hip for own damn good, Daddy-O!"—Slish

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM E-mail your requests to Djska_T@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice and A.V. Shack bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funktified, sample heavy beat-hain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats. Versatile at any style.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Back in action in November.

BLACK NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to Z95.

NOOZE & ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

SHITMIX alt 12:00-3:00AM

SATURDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 3:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways. 8-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SAREGAMA 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues tunesters and crooners in the blue degree. Blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna, Jim and Paul.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM

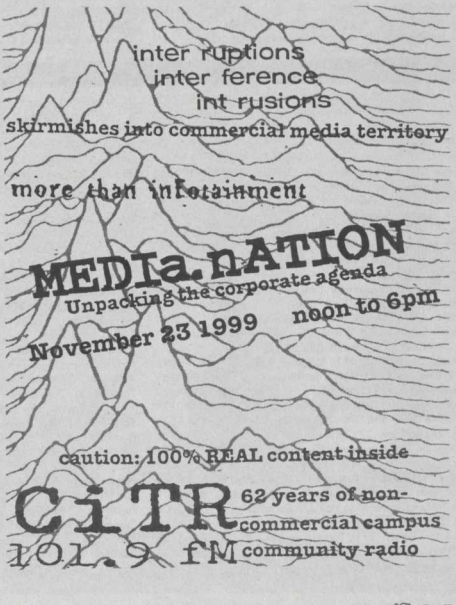
SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

TABLETURNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00- 4:30AM ..."noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out. —Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.



Datebook

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN NOVEMBER

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!
TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE WINTER ISSUE IS NOVEMBER 13TH!

FRI OCT 29 Nubile & Foursquare Hallowe'en Party@Sonar
SAT 30 Rasoul Hallowe'en Party@Sonar; Fiends, Brewtals, Gorehounds@Piccadilly; Lounge Cats, Crypt Kicker 5@536 Cambie Street; "Q"@Chameleon; Sudden Death Hallowe'en Party (feat. D.O.A., Karen Foster, Dog Eat Dogma, Chapter 3, Robert Menard)@Brickyard; Snapcase, Buried Alive@Grandview Legion
SUN 31 Andrea Parker@Chameleon
MON NOV 1 Uz Jsme Doma, the Liars, Singleseven@Starfish; First Annual Dead Poets Slam@Café Deux Soleils; Beans@Sugar Refinery
TUE 2 Day of the Dead Celebration@Gallery Gachet; No Name Jazz Band@Sugar Refinery; **CiTR PRESENTS SHiNDiG!**@Railway Club
WED 3 Choclair@Sonar; EarthQuake Pills, Notes from Underground, Orchid Highway@Brickyard; Dogfight, Turntable@Sugar Refinery
THU 4 Rocket Fins, Handsome Devils@Brickyard; Fonique; Todd Tomorrow, Mr. Seven@Sugar Refinery
FRI 5 Fags Fer Folk (feat. Roger Lee, Bertram Scott, Betty)@Cavern Theatre; Aquabats, Hippos@Croatian Cultural Centre; Mark Crozer@Metrotown Chapters; Murder City Devils, Come Ons, Catheters, Riff-Randells@Brickyard; Reflector, Mark Wild@Sugar Refinery
SAT 6 CiTR PRESENTS Joel R.L. Phelps and the Downer Trio, Jerk with a Bomb, Slow Fresh Oil, the Birthday Machine@Brickyard; Flashing Lights, Local Rabbits, Dirtmitts, Clover Honey@Starfish; Fags Fer Folk (feat. Roger Lee, Bertram Scott, Dave Taylor)@Cavern Theatre; Sense Music Tour (feat. Hoschi, Korben Dallas)@Sonar; Jazzmanian Devils@Chameleon; Jeet Kei da Tripmaster@Sugar Refinery
SUN 7 Les Savvy Fav@Starfish; HQ Communication Downtempo@Sugar Refinery
MON 8 Coal Chamber, Slipknot, Dope@Croatian Cultural Centre
TUE 9 Tegan & Sara@Starfish; **CiTR PRESENTS SHiNDiG!**@Railway Club
WED 10 Critters Buggin@Starfish; Roswells, Cinderpop, Solarbaby@Brickyard; Tiefisher, Lily Frost@Sugar Refinery
THU 11 Reel Big Fish, Crowned King@Croatian Cultural Centre; OCEAN3, Sabumlauts@Brickyard; Mortal Engine@Sugar Refinery
FRI 12 Buzzcocks, Down By Low, Lunachicks@Starfish; Breathe Underwater, Umbrellaheads@Piccadilly; Katari Taiko@Stanley; Yefim Bronfman@Chan Centre; Saddlesores, Rich Hope@Brickyard; Under the Table, Howard Roark, Otaku Concept@Sugar Refinery
SAT 13 Archer Prewitt@Starfish; Kaitari Taiko@Stanley; Isotopia, Dr. Theopolis@Miss T.'s Cabaret; Radio Berlin, The Switch, Hot Hot Heat@Brickyard; Shazzam@Chameleon; Defaides@Sugar Refinery
SUN 14 Matthew Sweet@Starfish; First Annual Emo Hardcore Fest (feat. Ink & Dagger, Icarus Line, Bluebird)@Brickyard
MON 15 Guster@Starfish; Grade, Bane, All-State Champion@Brickyard; Beans@Sugar Refinery
TUE 16 101 Best & Worst TV Commercials@Blinding Light; **CiTR PRESENTS SHiNDiG!**@Railway Club
WED 17 Pedro the Lion, Damien Jurado, Swank O'Hara@Starfish; Choke, Removal@Brickyard; Los Paranos@Sugar Refinery
THU 18 Marcy Playground, Blinker the Star@Starfish; Gregory Isaacs@Commodore; The Funny Ha Ha Art Show Opening, the Probes, DJ Audiowhore@Brickyard
FRI 19 Planet Smashers, Kingpins, Undercovers@Starfish; Village Idiot, Drexell's Eye, Somatic@Brickyard
SAT 20 Isotope 217@Starfish; SuperFudge@Chameleon; Muffs, Groovie Ghoulies, Hissy Fit@Brickyard; Diversions@Sugar Refinery
SUN 21 Living Celluloid: Caspar Stracke in person@Blinding Light
MON 22 DJ Vadim, Mr. Thing, Blurum 13, Killer Kela@Sonar; Beans@Sugar Refinery
TUE 23 John Korsud Jazz Quintet@Sugar Refinery; **CiTR PRESENTS SHiNDiG**@Railway Club
WED 24 Jet Set, New Electric Riot, Siobhan Duvall@Brickyard
THU 25 Kilt@Starfish; Ken Aldercroft Trio@Sugar Refinery
FRI 26 Susana Baca@Starfish
SAT 27 Tricky Woo@Starfish; Kenny Hawkes@Sonar; Millennium Project@Chameleon; Living Stones@Christ Church Cathedral; Buttless Chaps@Sugar Refinery
SUN 28 Stereolab, Microphones@Commodore
MON 29 Moist, Matthew Good Band, gob@Pacific Coliseum
TUE 30 Radical Remakes: *Shulie + What Farocki Taught*@Blinding Light
WED DEC 1 Radical Remakes: *Shulie + What Farocki Taught*@Blinding Light
THU 2 Superhero Shorts@Blinding Light

"SPECIAL" EVENTS

NEW DRAWINGS NIGHTLY

ART BY LOCAL NICHOLAS BRAGG, SHOWING AT THE BIG DADDY GALLERY (3685 MAIN ST.) FROM NOVEMBER 20TH-DECEMBER 20TH.

2ND ANNUAL VANCOUVER UNDERGROUND FILM FEST

NOVEMBER 11TH-14TH AT THE WONDERFUL BLINDING LIGHT. FOR INFO, CALL 878.3366 OR CHECK OUT <WWW.BLINDINGLIGHT.COM>

HEY MUSICIANS!

MEATHEAD RECORDS IS LOOKING FOR SUBMISSIONS OF SONGS IN ANY GENRE FOR A CANADIAN INDEPENDENT 10 CD BOX SET. THE DEADLINE IS NOVEMBER 15TH. CALL 807.577.5512 OR EMAIL EWELLER@TBAYTEL.NET FOR DETAILS.

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

Amsterdam Café 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown)	683 7200
Anza Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128
Arts Hotline	684 2787
Astoria Hotel 769 E. Hastings St.	254 3636
Bassix 217 W. Hastings St. (at Cambie)	689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie St.	873 6958
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonald)	732 5087
Blinding Light 36 Powell St.	878.3366
Boomtown #102-1252 Burrard (at Davie)	893 8696
The Brickyard 315 Carrall St.	685 3978
Café Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cambie 515 Seymour	684 7757
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie St. (at Burrard)	689 3180
Cellar Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs)	738 1959
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)	669 0806
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC)	
CiTR Radio 101.9FM 233-6138 SUB Blvd. (UBC)	822-3017
Club Vesuvius 1176 Granville St. (downtown)	688 8701
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place	682 4629
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova)	683 3757
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall)	681 1531
CNB Skate and Snow 3712 Robson St.	682 5345
Cordova Café 307 Cordova St. (Gastown)	683 5637
Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial Dr. (at 17th)	879 0154
Crosstown Music 518 W. Pender St.	683 8774
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End)	683 2201
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St.	662 3207
DV8 515 Davie St. (downtown)	682 4388
Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th)	734 7469
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
F.W.U.H. Beatty 552 Beatty St. (downtown)	687 7464
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)	822 2678
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown)	822 9364
The Good Jacket 225 E. Broadway (at Main)	872 5665
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant)	322 6057
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant)	873 4131
Hush Records 221 Abbott St.	662 7017
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)	224 8007
Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St)	606 6665
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)	251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott St. (Gastown)	685 7777
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour St. (downtown)	685 3288
Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway	
Minoru Pavillion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond)	
Moon Base Gallery 231 Carrall St. (Gastown)	608 0913
Noam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano)	738 7151
Neptoon Records 5750 Fraser St.	324 1229
Orpheum Theatre Smithe & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinémathèque 1131 Howe (downtown)	688 3456
Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Paradise 27 Church (New Westminster)	525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)	682 3221
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Puff/Beatstreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave.)	708 9804
Puff #14-712 Robson (at Granville)	684 PUFF
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown)	602 9442
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia	665 3050
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)	473 1593
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)	685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour)	681 1625
Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown)	687 6794
Ride On 2255 W. Broadway; 2-712 Robson St. (upstairs)	738-7734
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus St. (at 16th)	738 6311
Scrape Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main)	877 1676
Scratch Records 726 Richards St.	687 0499
Seylynn Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van)	
Shadbolt Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby)	291 6864
Singles Going Steady 3296 Main St. (at 17th)	876 9233
Sonar 66 Water St. (Gastown)	683 6695
Starfish Room 1055 Homer St. (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End)	689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)	688 3312
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown)	683 2004
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)	681 8915
Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)	988 2473
Tribeca 536 Seymour	688 8385
Tru Valu Vintage Robson (downstairs)	685 5403
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)	254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	876 4165
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)	738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)	222 2235
Vert/Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown)	872 2999
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	872 8337
Vinyl Rekkids 76 W. Cordova (Gastown)	689 3326
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave (near Main)	876 9343
Weit Bar 1320 Richards (downtown)	230 6278
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main)	874 4687
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	254 5858
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	732 4128
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	738 3232

SPLENDOR

Original Soundtrack

MEGASTORE VANCOUVER
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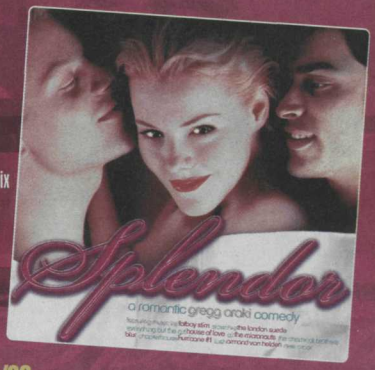
FEATURING...

A collection of unreleased and rare, hard-to-find tracks spanning from "Brit-pop shoe gazers" (remixed) to 90's house and downtempo favourites. Songs every good record collection should have.

- AIR "Kelly Watch The Stars" / Moog Cookbook Remix
- Everything But The Girl "Before Today" / Chicane Mix
- Chapterhouse "Mesmerize" / Mad Professor remix
- London Suede "Chemistry Between Us" / Lionrock Mix
- Hurricane #1 "Only The Strongest Will Survive" / James Lavelle remix
- Armand Van Helden "Flowerz" (featuring Roland Clark)
- Blur "Beetlebum" / MOBY remix
- Chemical Brothers "Elektrobank"
- Fatboy Slim "Sho Nuff"



Album In Stores November 9th/99

Virgin Music Canada

A ZULU PALETTE

Add Some Colour to your Music Collection

JOE STRUMMER
Rock Art & The X-Ray Style CD/LP

13 years have gone bye since **Strummer** clanged out the last chords of his **Clash** anthems on his legendary black Telecaster. In that time punk rock has come full circle, dwindling in obscurity during the late '80s/early '90s until it flourished under the recent Epitaph Records **Rancid** boom! Join this godfather of grit on his indie label Hepcat Records debut, and catch up on where he's been for the last two decades. Captures the edge of **London Calling** with the world-beat bop of Sandanista!

CD 16.98 LP 12.98 Avail. Nov. 2

AERIAL M
Live From A Shark Cage CD

Not nearly prolific enough for his many fans, this Zulu favourite has finally produced some overdue new work. Yet this can be seen as a small but polite Catch 22: The same laid-back demeanor that keeps us in anticipation is also probably a central quality of what makes **Dave Pajo**'s subtle, intelligent arrangements so effective and good. Of course, this brings to mind another affiliated Catch 22: Sometimes we have to wait for good things, and with waiting, good things can become even more precious. In any case, friends, come and get it.

CD 16.98

GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MENCI
Spanish Dance Troupe CD

Exotically named, this Welsh **Beach Boys**-esque quartet have quietly staked their claim in the hearts of many of die-hard orchestrated pop lover. **Barafungle** did it for me, and this new long player should catch on nicely with the cool **Beta Band/Belle and Sebastian** set! Romantic sounds, soaring melodies and a nice **Moe Tucker** back-beat... ah, the simple pleasures in life! Ask for it as "**Gorky's**".

CD 16.98

SUPERSUCKERS
The Evil Powers Of Rock'n'Roll CD

Gearheads take note: these hot rod "**Ramones**-meets-**Hank Williams**" rockers are rolling into Zulu on their hedonistic, punk rock flat-bed truck to save you from the boredom of MOR rock! Loaded down with their customised low-slung guitars, thunderin' cam tom-toms and lubed fuzz bass, the **Supersuckers** promise to rotate your tires and more! File next to **The Hellacopters**, Turbonegro, and **Glucifer**!

CD 16.98 Avail. Nov. 2

ARCHER PREWITT
White Sky CD

The second solo release for this member of the **Sea & Cake** is the work of a more mature, more focused, reflective and confident singer, songwriter, musician and arranger. It moves from lush, fully orchestrated pop to strong, driving rock cuts, bitter-sweet introspective, **Nick Drake**-ish ballads and a final track with acoustic guitar, strings and flute. His previous work has earned him perennial Zulu fave status ... why not check out this nice solo detour on **White Sky** (and live at the Starfish Room, November 13!).

CD 16.98

FIVE STYLE
Miniature Portraits CD

Bill Dolan's **Five Style** is often seen as too good-natured to easily fit into the more contemplative and self-conscious tenets of post rock experimentalism. Hogwash! Their welcome irreverence totally enlivens too frequently staid formal musical adventurism. But **Five Style** is not simple and disposable either. Their level of musicianship is resoundingly awesome. They come across more like **Bill Frisell** meets the **Meters** than your typical Chicago arch-scenester band. In other words, let the party begin here.

CD 16.98

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT
All Systems Go Vol. 2

Seventy-plus minutes of tattoos, tailored suits, switchblade combs, honkin' horns, sexy sax, **Sha-na-na** pomade, and, yes... a black, loud Les Paul guitar! Catch up on what you've been missing in this compilation of rarities, B-sides, and singles from San Diego's "juicier than a shark meat burrito" rockers! A great collection.

CD 16.98 Avail. Nov. 5

ARTO LINDSAY
Prize CD

Combining the cool, detached style of New York with the sensual vibe of Brazil's carnival, **Arto Lindsay** continues the exploration of modernised samba and bossa nova songwriting first witnessed on his **Noon Chill** and **Mundo Civilizado** releases. A dense rhythmic record with "woody" beats and lush, ambient orchestration, Prize offers a nice pastiche of colourful sounds, skewed beats, and introspective lyrical reflection — if your stereo had a dimmer switch, this record would push it. Invite your friends over for a listen.

CD 16.98

SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE
Live CD

Positively Live! Seattle's heartfelt post-grunge crooners come through with another serving of dynamic noisy love-pop. Their loyal fans should be more than familiar with their tender live sound, and trust me, this will not disappoint! Join **Jeremy Enigk** and company for another action pact set... as your stereo is now the front row!

CD 16.98

MOGWAI
s/t CDEP/12"

For those in tranquilized attendance, **Mogwai**'s live show demonstrated the captivating and enveloping power of controlled and dynamic atmospheric sound. And this new EP is another inward refinement of that same consistent **Mogwai** modus operandi: smart oceanic guitar rock. Although the motion of the waves may be becoming less dramatic and aggressive, the overall **Mogwai** feel is still in full effect. And we think this is a very good pattern. Some might say that **Mogwai** are becoming the **Michael Nyman** of guitar rock, even.

CDEP/12" 9.98

BRUSH ON some local canvas!

RADIO BERLIN
Sibling CD

With ties to the **7Segment** collective, this propulsive post-new wave quartet tune into the DC Dischord ethic with the jagged sounds of past masters such as **Joy Division**, **Wire**, and **The Cure**. Showcasing nine songs with smart aesthetics, this debut is the sonic pamphlet of change to come.

CD 12.98 Avail. Nov. 5

FRENCH PADDLEBOAT
Conversions in Metric CD

The new bedroom rock from this youthful practitioner who is well-versed in the software of today's diverse sound cabinet: **Volume Allstar**, **Mouse On Mars**, **Euphone**, and more! I can program a microwave, he, a sampler. Recommended for anyone looking for pop excitement and acoustic/electronic tape cut-up collage!

CD 12.98 Avail. Nov. 5

SPARKMARKER
Treasure Chest CD

Appropriately titled, this 23-track album offers a musical retrospective of these local "forefathers of the post-hardcore scene!" The nicely annotated **Treasure Chest** features a great overview of tracks, including "**Scalles**" and "**Speaking Of Heros**." As a bonus, this collection catches up with each of the seminal members today, showcasing tracks from **Stratagy**, **The Famous Greek**, and **Samsarasevin**!

CD 16.98 Avail. Nov. 5

NEW HEDRON
Turn This City Flat CD

Relative newcomers on the scene, these arty rockers combine today's "emo" sensibilities with nice sonic experimentation and plenty of angular guitar sophistication. Calculator rock it is not, but anyone interested in **Silkworm** and **Shellac** might want to point their compasses home!

CD 12.98 Avail. Nov. 5

STAFF Picks

BRADY-
MAGNETIC FIELDS- 69 Love Songs
JOEL RL PHELPS- Blackbird
BOXHEAD ENSEMBLE- Niagara Falls
TRISTEZA- Spine and Sensory
FRANK BRETSCHNEIDER- Rand

CHRISTINE-
CONTEMPO- UB Naughty EP
GAY DAD- Leisure Noise
SPEARMINT- A Week Away
AIR- Premiers Symptoms
THIEVERY CORPORATION- Abductions...
EGGSTONE- Ca Chauffle en Suede
Various- SIMULTANEOUS ICE CREAM RINOCEROSE- Installation Sonore

GRANT M-
MAKE UP- Save Yourself
CONTINENTAL DRIFERS- s/t
MACHA- See It Another Way
JOE STRUMMER- Rock Art & the Xray Style
DAVIE ALLAN- The Arrow Dynamic Sounds of...

JASON-
MAKE UP- Save Yourself
ROYAL TRUX- Veterans of Disorder
LEE HAZELWOOD- Trouble is a Lonely Town (reissue)
LEE HAZELWOOD- Requiem for an Almost Lady (reissue)
FLAMIN' GROOVIES- Teenage Head (reissue)

JULIE-
SOLEX- Pick Up
TRISTEZA- Spine and Sensory
JOEL RL PHELPS- Blackbird
JERK WITH A BOMB- Death To False Metal
JAMES KOCHALKA SUPERSTAR- The Life of Carrot Boy
MAGNETIC FIELDS- 69 Love Songs
ARAB STRAP- Elephant Shoe
WESTBAM- We Will Never ...

KEVIN-
REAL KIDS- Better be Good
DRAGONS- RLF
OS MUTANTES- Best of ...
Various- MORE OAR
DRAGS- 45 X 3
FASTBACKS- The Day that Didn't Exist

MIKO-
JOEL RL PHELPS- Blackbird
TRISTEZA- Spine and Sensory
MAGNETIC FIELDS- 69 Love Songs
BRIDGET CROSS- s/t 7"
ARAB STRAP- Elephant Shoe
THIRD SEX- Back To Go
LOVE AS LAUGHTER- Destination 2000
ARTO LINDSAY- Prize

NIC-
TRAM- Heavy Black Frame
RADAR BROTHERS- The Singing Hatchet
FLY PAN AM- s/t
FOR STAR- s/t
KRONOS QUARTET- Dracula
MICK TURNER- Marlan Rosa
TINDERSTICKS- Simple Pleasures
PLONE- Beginner For Piano

SHAHERA-
ARTO LINDSAY- Prize
TOM JONES- Reload
TOSCA- Chocolate Elvis
MALDOROR- She
SOLEX- Pick Up
RADAR BROTHERS- The Singing Hatchet
MAGNETIC FIELDS- 69 Love Songs
SUPER FURRY ANIMALS- Guerrilla
ARAB STRAP- Elephant Shoe

SHERRY-
KID LOCO- Jesus Life For Children Under 12 inches
TRISTEZA- Spine and Sensory
DJ KRUSH + TOSHINORI KONDO- Ki-Oku
OST- Book of Life
BELLE AND SEBASTIAN- Tigermilk
ARTO LINDSAY- Prize

THE NEW MASTERS:

BUFFALO DAUGHTER WXBD CD /12" Their best cut-up remix platter.

HELLACOPTERS Payin' The Dues 2CD/2LP Wow! A great deal, with a live disc recorded at the Starfish Room!

MILLENIUM PROJECT Simultasticity CD A Mo'Funk space jazz throw-down.

Various Artists LOCKED ON... THE BEST OF 2CD A limited edition mix of underground garage beats.

JEREMY BOYLE Songs from The Guitar Solos CD he of Joan of Arc, samples some hot licks.

CATHETERS s/t CD/LP loud garage rock, if you've seen them — you know!

LE TIGRE Le Tigre CD/LP Kathleen Hannah (ex-Bikini Kill)'s newest project!

LOW Low VHS video Fans take note, a video collection for freeze framing.

FROGS Bananimals CD Love em or Hate them, they are the rawest emotions

GENTLE PEOPLE Simply Faboo CD the swinging electro sound, on Rephlex.

ILUM Paint By Numbers CD/LP slow evolving post trance rock.

LITHOPS Sequencer Twinset 12" aka Jan from MOUSE ON MARS.

SONIC YOUTH SYR4 CD/LP The godfather's kiss off to the millenium. Available Nov. 5.

SQUAREPUSHER Selection 16 CD Come on My Selector! The best since BIG LOADA! Available Nov. 5.

ARSONISTS As The World Burns LP The instrumental version now dropped...

LOOPER Who's Afraid Of Y2K? CD-EP/10" A timely anthem...

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